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THE

SATURDAY REVIEW

OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 3,198 Vol. 123.

10 February 1917.

[REGISTERED AS A
NEWSPAPER]

6d.

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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The submarine danger is an exceedingly grave one. It is pressing, and there is no clear sign at present of its being got under. We always felt uncomfortable when, in the early days of the submarine campaign, over-sanguine talkers and writers boasted that it was "a farce", "week-end piracy", and so forth; and when they vowed it was of no military significance, for really it never was anything of a farce. It was a grave matter from the very start, and great relief was felt when the first stage was ended by the dexterity and inventiveness of the Navy. To-day, however, it is a far more serious menace than it ever was in 1915 or 1916. We are bound to say deliberately that the submarine is a much more serious menace to the cause of the Allies than any feat of arms of which Hindenburg and the German armies are capable. Long ago—at any rate, far back in 1916, naval men were uneasy about the development of the submarine.

The last Government seems, however, not to have faced the question; otherwise a year ago they would have taken drastic means to increase the food production of the country. They put Lord Milner's report on the shelf and hoped for better days. We cannot, of course, grow a vast deal more food than we do; but we can grow a good deal more, and we ought to have taken steps to this end when the war was young. A heavy responsibility rests with those who buried the whole thing and talked nonsense about Free Trade and Protection.

Lord Curzon's fine speech, on Wednesday, in the Lords emphasised the seriousness of the submarine campaign. If it was madness, it was "cold, calculated, premeditated, and well-organised madness". To meet it we were "arming merchant vessels to an extent which, were your lordships aware of it, would give you lively satisfaction". On the same day, also, a scheme was published of insurance for neutral ships carrying essential cargoes which offers rates far below

those hitherto granted. This should increase the supply of neutral tonnage. The Board of Trade returns for January, just issued, show a considerable advance on the figures for the same month last year in exports and imports. The latter are more than ten millions of money up.

This German move, the sinking of everything at sight by submarines, is intended not only to starve us out but also to bluff or bully America into an attitude of insisting on peace. America seems to have made the Great Refusal to be so bluffed or bullied, and, in the words of Whittier:

"He who sees the future sure
The baffling present may endure."

The story is worth following out in detail. On 31 January a Note was handed to the United States Ambassador, Mr. Gerard, stating that the German Government "must abandon the limitations which it has hitherto imposed on itself in the employment of its fighting weapons at sea", and hoping "that the United States will appreciate the new state of affairs from the high standpoint of impartiality, and will also on their part prevent further misery and a sacrifice of human lives which might be avoided", i.e., play Germany's game by doing everything to force peace. The accompanying Memorandum mentioned wide zones which American vessels would enter at their own risk, access being allowed to the port of Falmouth with one steamer a week under stringent conditions. Similar intimations were sent to other neutral Powers.

As soon as the German Note was received, the Washington authorities promptly closed the port of New York to prevent German vessels from putting to sea. It was universally realised by the Press of the United States that the time for peace conferences and peace Notes was past, and that the President was confronted with a situation to which the sinking of the "Lusitania" was the only parallel. On Friday last it was announced by the State Department that President Wilson had broken diplomatic relations with Germany.

and he stated his position in a brief speech on Saturday afternoon before a meeting of Congress which included the judicial members of the Supreme Court.

He began by a reference to the sinking of the cross-channel steamer "Sussex" on 24 March last year, without summons or warning, and the Note addressed to the German Government, which stated clearly the issue:—

" Unless the Imperial Government now and immediately declare and effect the abandonment of its present methods of submarine warfare against passenger and freight-carrying vessels, the Government of the United States can have no choice but to sever diplomatic relations with the German Empire ". The German assurance of 4 May in reply was of the usual riddling character, with references to her enemy being permitted to continue methods of warfare violating international law, but it stated that within and without the naval war zone vessels were not to be sunk without warning and without the saving of human lives unless they attempted to escape or offered resistance. The American rejoinder notified the German Government, in order to avoid misunderstanding, that " it cannot for a moment entertain, much less discuss, the suggestion that respect by the German naval authorities for the rights of citizens of the United States upon the high sea should in any way or in the slightest degree be made contingent upon the conduct of any other Government affecting the rights of neutrals and non-combatants. The responsibility in such matters is single not joint, absolute not relative ".

To this Note of 8 May the German Government made no reply, and America was confronted on 31 January with the German Note and Memorandum, a declaration of broken pledges on which the President said: " I think you will agree with me in view of this declaration, which suddenly and without prior intimation of any kind, deliberately withdraws the solemn assurance given in the Imperial Government's Note of 4 May 1916, that this Government has no alternative, consistent with the dignity and honour of the United States, but to take the course which in its Note of 8 April 1916 it announced it would take in the event that the German Government did not declare and effect the abandonment of the methods of submarine warfare which it was then employing and to which it now purposes again to resort."

The President therefore severed relations between the German Empire and the United States; but in spite of this " sudden and deeply deplorable renunciation " of pledges, he refused to believe that it was the intention of the German authorities " to do in fact what they have warned us they feel at liberty to do ". He went on to say that " only overt acts on their part can make me believe this even now ". But if this inveterate confidence on his part should prove unfounded, " I shall take the liberty of coming again before Congress to ask that authority be given me to use any means that may be necessary for the protection of our seamen and our people in the prosecution of their peaceful, legitimate errands on the high seas ". President Wilson claims, in fact, no more than " the right to liberty, justice, and unmolested life ". There the case at issue stands at present. The President explained that he expected other neutral Governments to take the same course, and he has instructed American representatives in such countries to point out that by following the American example they would further the cause of civilisation. Neutrals, however, within easy reach of Germany's unscrupulous hand are hardly in the same position as the United States. In Germany there seems, so far, no idea of giving up the unrestricted programme for submarines. Herr Zimmermann, the German Foreign Secretary, proclaims, " For us there can be no retreat any more ", and accuses the United States of breaking all tradition and all international laws. He is " astonished and disappointed ", according to the " Berliner Tageblatt ",

and he has the impudence, in the face of President Wilson's sober and plain exposure of broken pledges, to declare that " we have broken no promise ". In the United States the feeling of resolve is unmistakable. Preparations are being calmly and quietly made, and it is significant that Mr. Henry Ford, not long since one of the most ardent of pacifists, is one of the manufacturers who have put themselves at the Government's disposal.

The British raids on the German lines steadily continue, and twice of late they have been varied by advances on a more ambitious scale. Thus, on Wednesday, Sir Douglas Haig announced that near Grandcourt we have taken about 1,000 yards of hostile trenches without opposition; and a little later Grandcourt itself fell to us ! The enemy has almost continuously the worst of it in all these raids and advances, for he is no longer the man he was. He likes us less and less as time goes on. All we need is time. It is not life in this adventure, as in the poet's, " whereof our nerves are scant "; it is more time and fuller that we want. The great question constantly pressing in on one is how long can we afford to wait?

The King opened Parliament on Wednesday, and his speech to the Lords and Commons should re-fortify any heart that has begun to faint under the present strain of the war, and through anxiety as to the future of our shipping supplies. " The accomplishment of the task to which I have set My hand will entail unsparing demands on the energies and resources of all My subjects. I am assured, however, that My people will respond to every call necessary for the success of our cause with the same indomitable ardour and devotion which have filled Me with pride and gratitude since the war began ". Among the appropriate and admirable speeches made in both Houses by Mr. Bonar Law, Mr. Asquith, Lord Curzon, and others, we may specially note Lord Stanhope's with its references, at once modest and heroic, to the Army in France and the battle of the Somme—the superbest of all feats of British militarism.

Mr. Asquith was not present at the Westminster Public Hall on Wednesday when Mr. Neville Chamberlain produced his National Service suggestions for civilians and the Prime Minister made a fervent speech. But he ought to have been present, and we think we can picture the good-natured smile on his face as Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Lloyd George outlined the plan; for that it is somewhat of a " wait and see " plan nobody can deny—and is not " wait and see " the gravamen of nearly every charge against Mr. Asquith? " We shall have to wait and see if you come in voluntarily, spontaneously ", quoth Mr. Chamberlain and quoth Mr. Lloyd George in effect; and they continued, in effect, " It is better to come in than to be fetched; and if you don't come in we shall have to fetch you in ". Mr. Asquith ought to have been there. Would it not have recalled to him the happy days of two years ago, when this very thing during his leadership was declared on hundreds of thousands of posters all over the country? He would have heard it afresh and recognised—and surely have approved—it all. But even in the reading of it on Wednesday morning he must have felt avenged—he would be something above human if he did not feel a little that way.

If enough men between 18 and 61 do not come, then they are to be fetched. Mr. Chamberlain will—to recall a grim saying attributed, we fancy rightly, to Lord Kitchener about a year and a half ago—have " the number of their doors ". Such is the arrangement with organised labour. The pledge is that the State must try to get enough civilians (for the more or less indispensable trades releasing men for the Army) by an appeal to their patriotism. It is not, com-

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fessedly, voluntaryism in the simple and obvious sense of the word, for voluntaryism means "I am willing", "I wish", and implies no threat whatever: it is voluntaryism in a kind of adjusted sense: "We ask you", says the State, "to come in of your own free will; but, mind, if you don't come in, we will fetch you". That is the idea. It is a sort of voluntary-compulsion or compulsory-voluntaryism. It lies on the penumbral zone which is between voluntaryism and compulsion; or one might style it a No Man's Land on the battle fronts of principles. The mischievous-minded may inquire whether Lord Milner approved the proposals. "Lord Milner has other fish to fry just now" they should be told.

To turn from principle to practice, each volunteer is to have a minimum wage of twenty-five shillings a week. He may enjoy, if transferred, a subsistence allowance up to two shillings and sixpence a day to cover extra expenditure not met by extra wages. He is to have seven days' notice before being required to take up his new work, and, if necessary, a free railway pass. His rate of wages is to be appropriate to his new job. There are various other important arrangements: for example, no trade is absolutely to be suppressed—"not even the liquor trade!" the teetotallers will groan—they are only to be rationed in labour and material if regarded as non-essential. We wish the scheme all good fortune and trust that the voluntary conscripts or the conscripted voluntarists will come in with a rush. By the way, Ireland, as there is no law, has allowed herself to be invited.

Lord Newton has proposed that a number of prominent Germans, now prisoners of war here, should be transferred to our hospital ships, in order to deter the Germans from their frightful threat. Others suggest putting prisoners on ships generally that are likely to be victimised by the submarines of the enemy. There is no good reason why we should not adopt reprisals against Germany, always provided they are likely or sure to be effective. The notion that reprisals would be "wicked" on our part is a silly notion. We use gas against the Germans—and we should be both silly and inhumane—inhumane to our men—if we did not do so. The French adopt aircraft reprisals: they are perfectly right to do so. But the essence of a reprisal in war is that it should be effective, practical. We must feel tolerably sure it will achieve its purpose, and that it will not plunge us in greater difficulty or distress than we should be in without it. Mere vengeance reprisals are foolish: reprisals should punish and prevent.

Would Lord Newton's plan achieve its purpose of saving the hospital ships? It might; but we confess to a doubt. Suppose the Germans, who are quite non-moral to-day—ravaging wild beasts with a poisoned claw—were to reply to such action as Lord Newton suggests by putting British prisoners now in Germany, officers of note and others, in perilous positions; or suppose they threatened that for every German prisoner lost on a hospital ship a British prisoner would be shot—should we care to insist on our plan? It is very doubtful. We had better fight shy of reprisals unless they are likely to be effective and to be preventive. The Germans, it should be remarked, will always be ready to cap reprisal by reprisal when they have the means; and, unhappily, in this matter of prisoners and wounded they have every facility. Gas reprisals were practical and effective: aircraft reprisals may be more practical and effective in the future than they are to-day—we shall see. But reprisals on prisoners are perilous.

Lord Devonport issued on Saturday last an important statement concerning economy in food. The public is asked to limit itself to 4 lbs. of bread, 2½ lbs. of meat, and ½ lb. of sugar a head per week. If this voluntary rationing does not succeed, compulsory rations may be introduced—a difficult and most dis-

agreeable business, involving a great deal of labour which cannot be spared in war time. Lord Devonport prefers to "rely on the nation's instinct of self-discipline". We hope and believe that the old days of indifference and extravagance are gone. The nation is ready, and only needs to be taught what it must do. Our housewives can say, with Imogen:

"Plenty and peace breeds cowards; hardness ever
Of hardness is mother".

In France, and among French people here, the furious, fanatic teetotal campaign in this country to-day is regarded with amazement. The French are to take severe and logical precautions against the abuse of liquor. They are to be especially drastic in regard to spirits, but they regard these steps as part of their true war legislation. They have no more idea of striking at the national drink of the country, at Bordeaux and at light Burgundy, than they have of striking at bread or meat. The French, or most of them, know they are engaged in a tremendous war for life and death: whereas there are still numbers of people here who want to carry on their little peace policies and prejudices. The falsetto fanatics of the present Prohibition movement have lost sight of Germany. Now France never loses sight of Germany.

But the true explanation of why people here can engage in No-Conscription crusades, and in Total Prohibition crusades, against soldiers as well as civilians, the reason why they are suffered to queer the pitch of the Army, etc., is that the Germans are not occupying a large part of this country as they are of France. Imagine the Germans occupying the North of England as they occupy large portions of France, and you cannot then imagine a long and half-crazy No-Conscription crusade, to be followed, when that has lost its savour, by a long and half-crazy Total Prohibition crusade. What will our next bêtise be? The anti-inoculation movement has already been tried and found a failure. Nothing seems to be reserved but a furious set-to over vegetarianism. We are not at all sure the rice pudding and lentil soup enthusiasts will not, before this war is done, have their innings.

The Imperial Development Board, recommended this week by a strong Committee, may prove a most fruitful product of the war. Essentially the idea is to develop the Empire by State aid for the benefit of the State, and by this means to pay off the huge debt that will weigh on the Mother Country. Attention is specially called to tropical countries and to the great lands of Canada, but there are parts of Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa equally calling for capital and labour. We rather mistrust the glowing picture of Canadian square miles bought for forty millions and increasing in value to four thousand millions. That savours too much of South Sea prospectuses. Moreover, there must be great care not to trench upon the capital values which belong to the Dominions themselves, but we do not doubt that immense new wealth can be accumulated if the State can bring capital and labour to the Dominions. Tropical Africa lately in German possession will alone provide many millions, and it is a great pity that a precedent was not set by the State retaining the German properties which it lately put up to auction.

A correspondent in the REVIEW to-day protests against the Press Censorship. The Press Bureau certainly has many critics. Our own experience is that it strives to be accommodating to papers and editors, and that it deals, on the whole, skilfully and expeditiously with articles submitted to it. No doubt it makes a human mistake from time to time, and naturally daily papers see more of these than do the weeklies. But we all slip now and then, no matter how great our skill and industry. We agree with Colonel Dolphin that things are sometimes struck out

which might well remain in, and that things remain in which might well be struck out. But considering the amount of printed material and the pressure of time, this is inevitable. Select the ten thousand ablest men in the Empire, make them Censors, and you would still have to regret errors of the kind.

As an example of the prescience of committees and enquiries and their kind we ought to look up the Report of the Royal Commission on Food Supply in Time of War which was appointed on 27 April 1903. "Not only is there no risk", say in effect the Royal Commissioners, "of a total cessation of supplies, but no reasonable probability of serious interference with them, and even during a maritime war there will probably be no material diminution in their volume". We quote from the "Dictionary of Political Phrases and Allusions", but the whole of the Report ought to be worth reading, to judge by this monumental piece of wisdom.

There is also another delightfully sagacious recommendation in the same report which admits that—we again quote from the "Dictionary of Political Phrases and Allusions"—it would be unwise to allow the safety of our supplies "to depend too largely upon the observance of every rule of international law by a hostile power". This recommendation might have been worded by a master of delicate irony: it was actually worded, no doubt, by perfectly ingenuous and sincere people.

The death of Mr. Robert Whitelaw will come as a shock to many grateful Rugbeians, for, though he had retired from his house and farm work, it did not seem as if time could touch the small, resolute figure which was unchanged for so many years. He guided the Twenty, the form just below the Sixth at Rugby, with stern discipline and steady enthusiasm. He was the making of many a scholar and taught many more the habit of industry. "Bobby" could be excessively obstinate in maintaining his opinions, but he was generally right. A Senior Classic, he was a master of English as well as Greek and Latin. His handwriting was as neat and stylish as his mind. He lavished on his form his own inimitable translations, and gave the world the best rendering of Sophocles. He preached to his house on Sunday evenings little discourses admirable in pith and point. An indefatigable worker, he would, when he wanted undisturbed leisure, go first-class from Rugby to Euston and back.

Think you these felt no charms
In their grey homesteads and embowered farms?
In household faces waiting at the door
Their evening step should lighten up no more?
In fields their boyish feet had known?
In trees their fathers' hands had set
And which with them had grown,
Widening each year their leafy coronet?
Felt they no pang of passionate regret
For those unsolid goods that seem so much our own?
These things are dear to every man that lives,
And life prized more for what it lends than gives.
Yea, many a tie, through iteration sweet,
Strove to detain their fatal feet;
And yet the enduring half they chose,
Whose choice decides a man's life slave or king,
The invisible things of God before the seen and known.
Therefore their memory inspiration blows
With echoes gathering on from zone to zone;
For manhood is the one immortal thing
Beneath Time's changeful sky,
And, where it lightened once, from age to age,
Men come to learn, in grateful pilgrimage,
That length of days is knowing when to die.

—James Russell Lowell. From the
"Ode for the Hundredth Anniversary
of the Fight at Concord Bridge".

LEADING ARTICLES.

AMERICA AND GERMANY: THE PROSPECTS.

THE old jocular tradition of America—we were brought up on it in the 'seventies—as a nation resolved to cut a caper in the world and lick creation has to-day to be taken in sober earnest. Last week Mr. Wilson was still being visualised by the apostles of perpetual peace as presiding, with an aureole about his head, at the board which is to bring in the brotherhood of nations and the angelic federation of the world: to-day Mr. Roosevelt is on his behalf volunteering with Kermit and three other sons for war service in the field. If this is not licking creation, one does not know how it can be done. The change in the whole of the American scene is so staggeringly abrupt that one may be forgiven for observing at the first flush a certain humorous element about it. Moreover—that the broad spirit of comedy may not be wanting—here is the very Mr. Ford who lately equipped an armada of peace prophets and set sail for Europe, now offering the President one of his motor-car factories for the production, it is said, of submarines for the United States Navy. Mark Twain and the school of American humorists should have died hereafter: they lived in a comparatively dull age.

It is not humanly possible to be quite blind to the drollness of the change; but, none the less, the event is one of much moment. We are not sure that it may not prove to be the chief "turn-up" in the war so far. If America comes in she will be an asset of undeniable value to the cause of the Allies. Two years ago Lord Kitchener, there can now be no harm in saying, believed that if only America were to join the Allies, the effect would be to shorten considerably his three years war. He therefore opposed hostile references to the attitude of America, and equally he opposed the foolish habit of plucking at her sleeve, nudging her, pointing out to her the wickedness of Germany, and urging her to come in. He held—and he was right—that this was the way not to bring America round. America has been all through, up to the present time, as we have often pointed out, dead against taking part in the war. The vast mass of her population has been consistently and resolutely neutral. There has been a section, of course, in favour of going in on the side of Germany, namely, the "hyphenated" section; and there has been another and smaller section, voiced by Mr. Roosevelt, in favour of going in on the side of the Allies. Possibly the last named represented 10 per cent. of the population of the United States, but we cannot tell: it may have been substantially less. One thing is sure: the American people, up till the sudden and amazing altercation with Germany last week, has been nothing if not neutral. Of course, it has been interested in the war. It has pitied Belgium sincerely; it has been often shocked—sometimes, as in the case of the "Lusitania", angered—by the sinking of passenger and other mercantile vessels without warning; and it has been uneasy about the whole of the trade and tariff question after the war.

But, interested as she has been in the war, America has been far more concerned in keeping out of it; and all the excited flutterings and flatterings, so far, in this country, and all the suggestions that America was coming in, have been ignorant and thoughtless. In a flash the whole situation, to everybody's surprise, altered last week; for Germany put forth a submarine defiance in a form which went about as near to a declaration of war against America as human ingenuity could contrive. Virtually, Germany's step is a declara-

tion of sea war against America. Germany has flung down contemptuously the gauntlet, and America has, well, not picked it up, but stooped observably towards it. Bernstorff has gone; that is something towards the fulfilment of Mr. Roosevelt's desire—we may yet see Kermit in khaki; and he would get a reception in this country which fairly would lick creation in the way of applause and popularity.

But where America would be of chief value to-day would be in ships, mercantile in the main. Ships are food. America has got the ships, she has got the food,—and she has got the money too. As regards armies, she would be late on the scene; though if the war were not starved out some time in or before 1918, America could prove a mighty and determining influence in the purely military sense, in the sense of soldiers. She has an immense population, and it could be trained to military service just as effectually as our civilian population has been trained. Besides, if America once came in, and the war was not starved out some time in 1918, she would certainly see it through. It is not possible to doubt her stamina. She would set about making men as she always sets about making money. We should have Wilson armies, and Root armies, and Roosevelt armies, and the last would probably be the biggest of all, for there is reason for supposing that Mr. Roosevelt has, for various reasons, been coming back into favour again of late, though the trend has not been noticed here.

To-day we must confine ourselves severely to the word "if" in regard to America. The position looks like war; but we must not forget that refusing to have relations with a country is not the same as actually going to war with a country. To cut a man, or to request him to leave your house when he is offensive, is not challenging him to mortal combat. We must wait events, and it can hardly be a long wait. We must wait and see.

Another warning, and a grave one, should be given. Mr. Neville Chamberlain, in his speech on the so-called National Service scheme, told his audience, in effect, that because Bernstorff had been dismissed, it was wrong to suppose the war over. Indeed, it is ridiculous to assume anything remotely of the kind. The talk about Germany being at her last gasp, and the catchphrases about this submarine campaign of hers being the final throw of a beaten and reckless and desperate gamester are inane rubbish. Germany is nowhere near her last gasp, and the submarine campaign is not a desperate gambler's throw at all. It has nothing of the gambler about it. We wish it had. On the contrary, it is a most carefully thought and worked out plan, malign, and of great peril to the cause of the Allies. It is not "optimism" to view Germany's latest submarine development as the last throw of a despairing and beaten gambler; it is idiocy to view it in that light and to advertise it so in flaming headlines and posters, which ought to be ridiculed by all sensible people. Germany is pinched by privations at home, whilst in the field, despite her whirlwind success in Roumania, she is threatened with ultimate ruin. It is impossible that she should indefinitely resist the growing, tremendous menace of Sir Douglas Haig's armies, and France stands firm and is the victor after Verdun—after that marvellous feat of hers in driving the enemy out of Fort Vaux! But the Allies need time; they need more time by far than the thoughtless have imagined to win outright. Germany is still an immensely strong fighting Power, and she can put up a long resistance should her submarine cam-

paign even only half succeed. The submarine is to-day by far her best weapon and is one of great menace to us all. But, besides, she has reorganised her labour and man power at home in a scientific and thoroughly drastic way, and we are not at all sure that she is not playing her game in Poland with much more skill and success than British and French people suppose. Poland means another large army: we should not forget that. It is true voluntary recruiting there has so far proved a failure, the Poles not responding readily despite German promises of an independent Poland; but voluntarism for war ends does not in these days matter a straw. It is discredited, and known quite well in sincere speech to be a mad waste of time. We have to assume that the mass levy, the labour and military plans in Poland and Belgium and elsewhere, and, above all, the submarine development will give Germany a new lease of life and activity. We have to assume—it is the only safe way—that, somehow, Germany will subsist on her attenuated food supplies until the harvests of her own country, as well as those of Roumania, Poland, and Belgium, etc., relieve the strain. And we have to make our own plans accordingly. Germany, in carrying her submarine menace à outrance and risking war with America, is reckless, as we said last week. But it is not the recklessness of a despairing and beaten gambler: rather it is the recklessness of a strong-willed and defiant man who, if we may borrow a famous phrase of Lord Milner, "damns the consequences". Let us have done with the miserable pretence that Germany is on her last legs. If we continue to drivel about German famines and revolutions, and about German despair, we shall be snuffed out for ever by this war.

THE DEVONPORT DECALOGUE.

LORD DEVONPORT'S "Thou shalt not" is, we believe, being taken seriously by the nation. The most unlikely kind of people are doing their best, if not to obey the ukase, at least to understand it with a view to obedience in the spirit, though perhaps not in the letter.

It is, of course, quite essential that the call to economy in food should be loyally answered. The position, if not dangerous, is very serious. The late Government in this matter, as in others, neglected its plain duty. For months the Government acted as if the country were really in the happy position indicated by that "optimistic" Royal Commission on Food Supply during War which, only fourteen years ago, reported that it saw no danger of "material diminution" in any imaginable war. So rapidly does science march, and so slowly the thought of statesmen! The Government was constantly warned of the necessity of some kind of retrenchment, but found perpetual excuses for doing nothing until its last fortnight in office, when it issued certain fatuous orders, which, we believe, simply resulted in an increase of meat consumption and profane language.

The delusion that coarser cookery implies economy, a delusion which we exposed at the time, is now exploded. Lord Devonport, who shoulders the damnable hereditas of his predecessor, offers exactly opposite advice.

The present instructions have the merit of being clear and practical as far as they go. But "thou shalt not" might be usefully supplemented by a few suggestions to the worried housewife. There is a great chance for the woman lecturer who can speak to people in their own dialect. It is no use talking to the average woman, or the average man for that matter, about proteids and carbo-hydrates, calories, and foot-pounds. All that jargon of science simply mystifies. A useful part might be played by the

popular newspapers, if they were not so incurably high-toned. "Middle-class menus for war-time", however plain they may really be, usually give to the humble reader an impression of mixed and complex luxury. There is so much in a name. "Calf's liver and bacon" is—or used to be—a plebeian dish. "Foie de veau à l'anglaise : purée de pommes" savours of decadent extravagance.

It will be a real and permanent gain if the discipline of self-rationing leads to a new sense of the unconsidered trifles of the British kitchen. The waste of food among all classes has long been quite shocking. It is, of course, a wholly modern thing, the result of more than a generation of over-cheapness. Really old people have never got quite reconciled to the extravagant ways of their grand-children, and still more of the present-day boy and girl. It is doubtful whether, if Lord Devonport's regulations are rigidly observed, the general standard of living will be reduced to the level of the average Continental country in peace-time, and yet the English people never gave the impression of over-nourishment. The greater part of their expenditure was, in one way or another, simple waste.

The class hardest to reform will be probably the class through which full reform is alone possible. With the average domestic servant extravagance is, to a large extent, a point of honour. There are certain important food elements, fish, porridge, lentils, dried peas, and beans, which to the kind below stairs have a pauper taint. It will be recalled with what feeling the Bath footman told Sam Weller he had been obliged to resign because on two distinct occasions he had been asked to eat salt butter. Mr. John Smauker and his friends are no longer here in sufficient numbers to head the revolt of the servants' hall; but their spirit remains among the females. We can understand any human being objecting to bad margarine, first as being nasty and second as being un-English. We have always felt a sympathy with Gissing since noting his discovery of the great truth that "the deterioration of English butter is one of the worst signs of the moral state of our people". Still, margarine has to serve if Britain's fat pastures fail to yield butter. But there are many modest households in which the mistress has long eaten margarine whilst the servants insist on butter or a month's warning, and where bacon smokes on the kitchen breakfast table while the morning room goes meatless. If only the cook can be persuaded to keep within the rations!

Still, there are all kinds of minor problems. The beef-steak pudding, that deservedly popular middle-class institution, presents questions of some complexity. It is easy enough to come to a conclusion as to the meat, but that wretched necessary cupful or two of flour have to be deducted from the bread ration. It would be easy enough in countries that know not avordupois, but with our weights and measures there are few housewives with sufficient arcana of arithmetic to work out the exact amount to be deducted from the family's flour allowance.

Then there is what may be called the unfair competition of steak. The two and a half pounds of meat, says Lord Devonport, include fat and bone. As in the classic case of Jack Sprat, there are some people who can only eat lean meat, and are yet unblessed with a convenient partner with a passion for fat. Yet such a person may also delight in the mutton chop, which someone has described as the true source of English greatness. Clearly, he will be hard hit. Again, by a singular provision of nature, the ox only yields a certain quantity of steak, and as for the average chicken nearly half its weight is bone. We foresee the possibility of some queer results. Bony animals, or the bony parts of meaty animals must go to somebody, and nobody will want them, if they are to count precisely as solid meat. Is it not conceivable, in these conditions, that rump-steak will soar to incredible prices, while the demand for what were once considered luxuries falls off till they are unsaleable? The club epicure, for example, delights, and with reason, in broiled bones. But if he consumes his three weeks' allowance at a

single meal, he is surely unlikely to purchase a momentary satisfaction at the cost of twenty days of fasting.

We have pointed out some of the inevitable anomalies of any general order. Obviously there must be a certain amount of give-and-take. The main thing is for every family to keep conscientiously within the limits of these instructions interpreted in a common-sense spirit, remembering that real and drastic economy is a national necessity, and that compulsory rationing is to be avoided if possible. Two things remain to be said. One affects the upper and the other the lower stratum of society.

It is, we think, desirable that there should be an official pronouncement on the subject of hospitality. Among the classes who have no necessity to consider small expenditure extravagance of living is in large part due to the not ignoble desire to show fitting generosity in the entertainment of guests. A rich man provides things rich and rare not to satisfy his own tastes, which are usually rather on the simple side, but to do honour to his friends. This instinct is too strong to be subdued by food restrictions unless they are accompanied by a very definite pronouncement of the Government's desires. Not until a host is able to feel that his table retrenchment is ascribed to patriotism, and not to meanness, will he put before his guests a dinner of regulation meagreness.

At the other end of the social scale we can foresee a certain additional pressure on inadequate means. A rise in the price of the loaf warns us that the retail tradesman is likely to compensate himself for a diminished demand by a general increase of prices. Lord Devonport does not seem to think it part of his duty, as Controller, to regulate prices, and probably it is not possible to do so effectively unless Government also controls supply—a colossal business when extended to all commodities.

It follows, then, that the pinch will be felt with great severity by large classes who do not, and for one reason or another cannot, share in the temporary prosperity of many descriptions of workers. It seems to us that this is a case for the Prince of Wales's Fund, unless, indeed, the Food Controller can see his way to treating the poor as a class apart. The last report of the fund shows that very large sums have been employed to alleviate injustice or delay in pensions for our fighting men and their dependants. This, however, is by no means the sole, or even the chief, purpose of the fund. It might well be employed in helping the necessitous to bear with a little more ease the pressure of increasing scarcity. So far, we believe, the main part of the small percentage of money that has been given to civilians has gone to the relief of people in East Coast towns who have lost their lodgers.

LIQUOR AND COMMON SENSE.

CLOSELY connected with the question of food during the war is the question of drink during the war; and we notice that the zealots who are for pushing Lord Devonport and Mr. Prothero—and with them the Government—over the precipice of prohibition still refuse to give a straight "Yes" or "No" to the question: "Are you in favour of denying his ration of rum to the British sailor on the North Sea and to the British soldier in the trench?" The zealots will not face this question because, of course, if they say "No" they will give away their whole case, whilst if they say "Yes" they will offend and alienate the feelings of the great mass of decent men and women who are loyal to the sailors and soldiers. It happens that within the past ten days the writer of this article has been with the French Army in the field and has seen something of its patience under conditions of intense cold and hardship. If the French civilians to-day were to pass a law denying to their glorious troops alcohol in any form, and even in the smallest quantity—as the total prohibitionists here desire to do, though they have not the courage to say so—we are convinced they would be playing into the hands of the enemy. But the French

are far too logical, too humane, to design or desire anything of the kind. They recognise that alcohol in moderation is essential to the well-being of great numbers of their soldiers and those who are striving mightily at the base to supply the munitions of war. An admirable letter was printed prominently not long ago by the "Times", in which the writer, a Frenchman of note, pointed out that his countrymen valued highly the excellent light wines of France, and considered that the health and well-being of the men at the front was considerably due to the same. We believe it to be true.

The right amount and the right mixture of food and of drink—that is, the amount and the mixture which best conserve life and promote energy, physical and mental—is what we should aim at to-day. Frantic appeals to us to secure efficiency and victory by doing away with alcohol (the teetotaler's programme), or with meat (the vegetarian's programme), or with serum (the anti-inoculationist's programme) play, however unintentionally, into the hands of the enemy. They cause bitter division and contumely at home, embarrass the Government, and, if carried out, they would not increase, but diminish, our offensive power against Germany.

There are plenty of experts, of course, who take diametrically opposite views as to this question of alcohol, which, thanks to zealotry, is raging to-day. Some experts declare that all forms of alcohol taken in moderation diminish our powers, physical and intellectual; others declare that alcohol in moderation is essential to many in the conditions under which we live and work. These two classes of experts may be regarded perhaps as "mutually destructive", like Marat and Charlotte Corday—though we would not say which is Marat and which Charlotte. Therefore we must do without the experts, and it remains for intelligent people to decide for themselves whether they work and live better with or without a modicum of alcohol. To some alcohol in a wholesome form and in temperate quantity is not necessary, and there is no reason why they should take it. To others it is necessary, and there is the best reason, therefore, why they should take it. The same with meat. Some find themselves better without meat, or with a minimum of it; they should therefore not take meat, or take only the minimum. It is frequently observed that large eaters are small drinkers, and large drinkers small eaters. Both err over their diet. To eat too much meat—a common excess—is hurtful. It shortens some men's lives and destroys the energy of others. There is reason for supposing that it leads to various diseases and to premature decay, physical and intellectual. Exactly the same may be said of too much drink. But alcohol is far from the single liquid offender. There are tea drunkards, as there are nicotine drunkards.

To drink is human; to prevent drinking—according to the zealots of total prohibition by Act of Parliament—is divine. But we do not agree with the second part of the proposition, and there is nothing in Holy Writ, as there is nothing in common sense and experience, to bear out the zealots' assertions. We hope Lord Devonport and Mr. Prothero will not allow themselves to be pushed over the precipice. Good beer and light wine in moderation make energy. The people who want to hustle and rush the Government into a mock heroic course, at which the French smile and shrug their shoulders, are not nearly so formidable as they appear. Their forte—like that of *Forcible Feebles*—is chiefly *italics*. By all saying the same thing, by saying it at the same time, and by saying it in very loud tones, they make a considerable commotion. Lord Devonport and the Government should make the necessary liquor restrictions, local and other, as if these zealots did not exist: they should hit out right and left at bad spirits, for example, and they may have to take whiskey in any form into their very serious consideration and forbid it at least in certain large working districts: that is the best way to national efficiency and to the solution in war-time of the liquor problem.

THE GREAT WAR.

APPRECIATION (No. 132) BY BRIGADIER-GENERAL
F. G. STONE, C.M.G.

WANTED—A POLICY OF THOROUGH.

ON 20 January in these columns the need for more men was insisted on, the following week the machinery for obtaining them was discussed, and last week some of the fields in which the activity of that machinery might prove profitable were briefly considered. The increasing urgency of the necessity for obtaining decisive results at the earliest possible date impels us to return to the question of "more men", and to focus attention on the activities of some of the agencies which, either openly or in various disguises, are working tooth and nail to prevent us from securing a decisive victory over the Central Powers.

Germany's recent brutal challenge to the civilised world has been a useful tonic both to belligerents and neutrals, but it would be a mistake to suppose that it will affect the sinister activity of these agencies, though it may cause a modification in their methods. The recrudescence lately of peace talk, accompanied by an unreasonable and unreasoning "optimism", constituted a deadly and insidious danger in our midst, calculated to paralyse, or, at all events, to discount the strenuous efforts which are essential to win the war.

A kind of atmosphere is created which affects the nation almost subconsciously and retards the supreme effort to train every possible fighting man, and train him now, for his place in the fighting line through the unexpressed hope, and even belief, that, after all, it may not be necessary, and that "somehow" peace will come this year.

This sloppy condition of mind is rather characteristic of our over-prosperous people, who for too long have been accustomed to the water-and-gas-laid-on-and-tradesmen-call-for-orders kind of existence. On such soil both cranks and rogues may hope to reap a rich harvest, and well does Germany know it. In the early days of the war we had the anti-inoculation campaign, designed by the kind friends of Germany to destroy our armies through the medium of enteric fever. Lately we had the treasonable smuggling into the United States of peace propaganda of the most dangerous character. The immediate arrest of individuals responsible for it would have inspired more confidence in the virile determination of the Government than any number of speeches.

We also have Lord Courtney, of anti-British notoriety in the Boer War, in a most subtle letter to the "Times" (1 February) on President Wilson's "Peace without victory" speech, laying the foundations for a renewal of that monstrous conspiracy against British sea power known as the "Declaration of London". The letter is a masterpiece, and the unwary will read it without realising that they have drunk their first dose of poison, which is designed to prepare their system for subsequent stronger doses.

From time to time a specious letter from "A Neutral" has appeared, at one time throwing out little friendly hints to us that if we did not bestir ourselves our French Allies would begin to think or say this or that—in other words, suggestions which, if they were suitably absorbed in France, might cause "a little rift within the lute" of our Entente. At another time "A Neutral" would give us a picture of the internal condition of the Central Empires calculated to make us ease off in our preparations for a long-continued struggle. Then we had the "No-Conscription" campaign, conducted with the utmost recklessness and prodigal expenditure; but, beyond causing inconvenience, irritation, and delay, with small success. The people who engineered this campaign and paid the expenses are still among us, and doubtless still supported from the same sources. We have the prospect of compulsory national service in civil life before us, and this pestilent organisation for baulking Great Britain will surely try to make it a failure. It has kept its hand in meanwhile by endeavouring to create disaffection in the Army. The powerful interests which

helped Germany at the end of July 1914 by engineering the wholesale export of gold and securities from the German banks to the Fatherland, and those which prevented the blockade from being anything more than a sham are still with us and will, without a doubt, endeavour to exercise a restraining influence on the more robust action of a Government whose platform is to win the war, to win it thoroughly, and to win it soon, and to shape its after-war policy on "Britain for the British".

Perhaps one of the most dangerous, insidious propaganda is that which is being carried out by means of a leaflet printed by the "National Labour Press", of 74, Swinton Street, W.C. The title on the outside is: "Are you quite sure that war is the only way out?" The two inside pages are filled with the most skilfully worded appeals to the brotherhood of man and our duty to God: "He has declared that all judgment belongs to Him, and that our part in bringing about the reign of righteousness is to forgive our enemies as He forgives us". Again: "By the death of Jesus Christ, and by His victory over death, Love—the mightiest force in the world—is enthroned. Let us remember:

That the peoples of Europe have no quarrel with one another.

That it is possible to negotiate a reasonable peace without killing off the youth of Europe.

That though the way of war has failed, the way of Jesus Christ remains untried."

And, after a little more on the same lines:

"In Christ's name—peace".

The last page, after informing the reader that "Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God", requests him (or her) immediately to enrol himself as one of "the children of God" by signing the memorial form to "urge His Majesty's Government to seek the earliest opportunity of promoting negotiations with the object of securing a just and lasting peace", and "help the cause of peace by posting it (the memorial) to 10, Churston Mansions, Gray's Inn Road, W.C."

It concludes with, "N.B.—The Home Office has ruled that to sign the memorial is in no way illegal".

This precious leaflet came into my hands before the late Government quitted office; perhaps the present Government will not endorse the "N.B." if it is brought to their notice. It would be well if they took stern steps.

The whole country should realise something of the untiring activity of the dark forces which are arrayed against prosecution of the war to a decisive finish. The most dangerous of these people are those who have themselves been duped into believing that they are acting honestly on their own initiative; it is so easy to dupe people when it is to their own apparent interest to be duped.

But this is no time to be listening to anybody who has any of the special nostrums to offer which aim at burking the one great issue before us, which is, that in order to win the war and save the world from a moral and social cataclysm more terrible than most of us are able to visualise, every man, woman, and child in this country must, willingly or unwillingly, from this day forth, without wearying and without slackening, put the whole of their energies into the struggle. And let those who think they have "done their bit" ask themselves whether they are now doing their "all". A nation which is staking literally everything on success will not be overcome by anything less.

The Germans were turning out three submarines a week in December and destroyed 419,166 tons of British shipping in the month. This is nothing to what they expect to do in their new campaign against the mercantile marine of the world in the immediate future. It is best not to speculate on the effect which this brutal insult will have on the psychology of neutrals; but it does not take a great deal of imagination to realise what is before us if, through any further paltering with hard facts or misplaced, easy-going "optimism", we fail to put forward the most supreme effort of which

we are capable to bring about a decision in the field during the coming summer, culminating in victories on German soil, which will bring the longed-for end in sight.

A most important step has been taken in calling young men to the Colours at eighteen, to be put into military training preparatory to being drafted abroad on attaining the age of nineteen. The value of this step cannot be over-estimated. But we shall not reap the fruits of this measure in 1917 except indirectly; it will not put more men into the field this year except in so far as these young men can be substituted for older men who are sufficiently trained for service in the field in the spring and summer, but might otherwise have to be retained at home.

We want more men *at once*, to increase our effectives abroad; we want more men to replace those who are withdrawn from the Army because their skilled services as engineers, draughtsmen, shipwrights, mechanics, etc., are essential to the immediate increase of our shipping output; we want more men to replace casualties by land and sea, and to man the additional shipping, which must be turned out at a rate equal at least to the wastage. The substitution scheme must be made immediately effective if we are to obtain these men in anything like adequate numbers—and *in time*. We must be prepared to pass, by a very rapid transition, from the voluntary system to general compulsion for national civilian service if the voluntary system fails to give us complete and immediate satisfaction—and it seems unduly sanguine to believe that it will. That the nation is ready to face its duty when the Government issues its *orders* is not for a moment in doubt. The Labour Conference at Manchester has recently approved the action of the Labour Members in joining the new Government by a majority of six to one. The motion to summon the International Socialist Bureau, "with a view to the speedy reconstruction of the International Socialist Congress simultaneously with the Peace Congress" was defeated by a majority of 802,000. Mr. Will Thorne's amendment, to the effect that "this country would fight until victory was achieved" was actually put as a substantive resolution and carried by a majority of 572,000; and, finally, the proposal by Mr. Fairchild, that "this Conference declares that the best interest of the working class will be served by a speedy termination of hostilities, and demands of the Government that it declares its readiness to enter into immediate negotiations for peace", was defeated by the enormous majority of 1,395,000.

If anything further were wanted, we have it in the inspiring appeal of Mr. Edward Tupper, the "strike leader and agitator", "to the workers, whether working down the mines, on the ships, in the docks, at armament works, shipbuilding yards, on munitions and railways, I say: Buckle up your belt another hole and give of your best. Let us have it. . . . Let posterity know it was through the efforts of Organised Labour, by its unselfish support, by its untiring efforts, by its loyalty to the Empire, that the tocsin of liberty for the whole world rang loud and clear."

Never has this nation been so united. For God's sake, let us make full and immediate use of this flowing tide, "which, taken at its full, leads on to victory".

SPECIAL ARTICLE. THE SUBMARINE BLOCKADE.

By JOHN LEYLAND.

THE German Imperial Chancellor confounded the President of the United States and staggered humanity in general by his declaration to the Main Committee of the Reichstag, and the specific statement handed to Mr. Gerard by the German Foreign Secretary. Herr von Bethmann-Holweg says he has always been prepared to authorise the unrestricted submarine campaign, directed against both belligerents and neutrals, if he could but be assured of its humane influence in shortening the war. Hindenburg has given him the assurance, and he has come forth at what Mr. Churchill would call his "selected

moment", knowing, he says, that German submarines have considerably increased in number, and believing that the Allies are in the difficulties resulting from a bad harvest and shortage of coal, and are hampered by shortage of cargo-space for their necessities. Admiral von Capelle glories in what the submarines have done, and promises that they will do much more.

Undoubtedly the war problem which is raised by this new submarine campaign transcends in importance all others that engross the public mind at the present time. We had grown accustomed to seeing it recorded in the daily papers that a certain number of cargo-carrying vessels had been sunk, and few people, perhaps, realised the serious gravity of the menace. The Admiralty was reticent, and the word "submarine" was rarely mentioned, though the fact was widely known that underwater attack was the cause of most of our losses. Now it is no uncommon thing to hear that forty or fifty vessels have been sunk within a week. Even when, as in the case of the "Laurentic", a mine brings about the disaster, there is no certainty that it was not placed in position by one of the enemy's new mine-laying submarines. The submarine herself has ceased to be a submerged torpedo boat, whose sphere of operations is below the surface, and has become a swift cruiser, carrying 4½-in. or bigger guns, possessing a range of 3,000 miles or more, making her for long periods independent of her base, and she submerges only in the presence of vessels more powerfully armed than herself. Sir John Jellicoe spoke with measured purpose when he said that the submarine menace to the merchant service was far greater now than at any period of the war and required all our energy to combat it. We have his robust faith that it will yet be dealt with.

How truly he spoke may be gauged by the fact that while the gross volume of shipping sunk per month during the whole period of the war was something over 100,000 tons, the losses in December amounted to 419,166 tons, and there is no reason to believe that January had any better record. The losses are mainly inflicted upon British ships, but all the Allies suffer, and, except for the Americans, nearly all the neutrals who carry supplies for us. The declared object is to impose upon us the evils of a blockade and to carry into our homes such an approach towards famine as the submarine is capable of inflicting. There is nothing surprising in the recrudescence, in a more violent form, of the submarine menace in regions where the suppression of the pest may not be so easy. Now their peace hopes are at an end, the Germans say they will strike at us with every weapon they can wield. Our food supplies are our most vulnerable point, for, let the farmer be encouraged as he may, and assisted as he unhappily is not, we shall still have to import at least three-fifths of our food.

In due time, and eventually, the Admiralty may, and I believe will, master this new and grave menace. They must, night and day, work at the problems, and the master-mind of the Navy, Lord Fisher, who suppressed the first submarine campaign, who foresaw the present developments, and who has a genius and power for grappling with difficult problems and of inspiring men to their solution, such as the world has rarely seen, must be brought in as the great driving power. Our larger mine-field in the North Sea, which endangers all issue from the Bight of Heligoland, except through certain ways known to the neutrals, may help in the right direction. German submarines do not enjoy immunity from destruction any more than they did when their attacks were confined mainly to our home waters, but they are completed more rapidly than we can destroy them. Between Danzig and Wilhelmshaven are six great shipbuilding centres, and their combined resources would enable at least sixty submarines to be in hand at one time. Engines for 300 submarines have been despatched from Switzerland to Germany, and thousands of artificers have been withdrawn from the German army to hurry forward

submarine construction. The boats are standardised in classes, and framing, plates, oil engines, batteries, periscopes, scientific instruments, and armaments are produced at many inland places. Indeed, the shipyards may be places mainly where the boats are assembled and tried. It is known that intensive training is applied in the maintenance of a large body of efficient officers and men, to whom large rewards and many honours are given.

It is too soon after the failure of the German peace hopes for large numbers of the most powerful submarine cruisers to have got to sea; but it would be mere foolishness not to realise the danger. Our seamen are of the bravest and best, and will shrink from no danger; but neutral shippers are less willing to use their vessels in our service. Since the German declaration certain neutral countries have withdrawn their lines from trade. The scarcity of shipping is greater than ever before. We must be prepared for greater scarcity and higher prices than at the present time.

The solution of the problem is of the utmost urgency. It will be remembered that Sir John Jellicoe made a great appeal to the shipyards and engineering shops, where slackness and shirking cannot be tolerated. The Shipping Controller has already put in hand his plans for building against the new peril, and the work must continue energetically, though it seems a strange thing that we are to go on building ships of which many may yet be sunk, and others to replace them. There is one thing to be guarded against. Nothing in the shipyards or shops must be devoted to the building of such vessels that can be devoted to the construction of agencies for the destruction of the enemy's submarines. The latter is the end in view; the former is the means to be employed pending its achievement.

We are confronted with a danger of unknown extent, whose influence upon the future cannot yet be measured. All the unflagging zeal of our seamen, all the applied science we can bring to bear, all the self-restraint of the nation, and every proper effort which the shipyards and engineering works can exert will be required in this anxious time. Let it not be supposed that shipbuilding alone will suffice, for its outcome would be the offering of a larger target to the enemy. There is too much reason to fear that a certain stagnation, extending over many months, had injuriously affected our anti-submarine preparations. Efficient and effective attack on the enemy's submarines must be the real remedy for the present situation, and everything else must be subordinated to it. Special means are required, and the armament of merchant vessels with 4½-in. guns will not suffice. Bigger guns will now be required and highly-trained guns' crews to man them. What else the authorities may do cannot be conjectured here.

MIDDLE ARTICLES.

THROUGH GRATICULED GLASSES.—I. FLIES.

By AK. X.

IF a gunner subaltern were to go to the front line trenches alone he would look like the White Knight in "Alice Through the Looking Glass". Fortunately he has two signallers with him, and over the shoulders of these subordinates, as a rule, he slings his paraphernalia. Nevertheless, he tries to reduce his equipment to a minimum.

Once on a very hot day in August, when I presented myself in a perspiring and exhausted condition to the C.O. of an infantry battalion holding a certain sector on the Somme, he exclaimed with some astonishment, on noticing that I had come unarmed: "Where's your revolver, gunner?" I might mention that this particular part of the line was at that time resisting a German counter-attack, and that the colonel's question was really very much to the point. I glanced round

imploringly, first at one perspiring and heavily laden signaller and then at the other, and replied: "My weapon is the 18-pounder gun, sir". He smiled and forgave my deliberate oversight.

You are supposed to hold the colonel's hand on behalf of the artillery, but, as a rule, you do nothing of the sort. All your time is spent in the front line, registering your battery.

On that particular occasion, I remember, I had started out as usual with my two signallers—one a bombardier and the other a gunner—to walk across a wilderness the whole surface of which had been literally reduced to powder; the distance from our gun position to the infantry being about 1,800 yards. The ground was strewn with corpses—some British, some Hun. When, at times, beneath the gruesome veil of flies, you could discern the features of one of our own infantrymen, it was possibly a beautiful face, magnificent in its serenity. The sight of the flies, alone, daring everything now against these prone heroes made the thought of sharing their fate almost intolerable. My signallers, with both their hands busy with the equipment for the observation post, were shaking and tossing their heads to drive the impudent insects from them.

As a matter of course I generally make one signaller walk fifteen yards in front and the other fifteen yards behind me, so that in the event of any mishap at least one of us would probably remain in a sufficiently whole condition to attend to the remainder, or at least be able to keep the flies off them. But on that morning, for some unaccountable reason, I felt more qualmish than usual, and, looking apprehensively about me, and observing that there were no signs of any dressing or ambulance station for miles round, I called my signallers to my side and forthwith began to question them about their knowledge of first aid. They were both charming boys, and full of devotion, but I must say I received rather a rude shock when they informed me that they had not the foggiest notion about first aid to the injured.

So here was I, on an endless plain, out of sight of everyone, with shells bursting at intervals in all directions, and no dressing station in sight, with two boys who, however lovable, were wholly ignorant of the shifts that might save their lives and mine in case of accident. Hot as I was, and short as was my time therefore, I straightway gave them the most laconic and most thorough lecture on first aid for beginners that I have ever delivered in so brief a space. Oh, yes! They had heard of tourniquets, but they had not heard that tourniquets should not be applied to a man's neck in case of a severed jugular. Naturally, they laughed cheerily at the thought of the consequences of this expedient, but could suggest no other. I could only hope against hope!

But it is only on one's journey out to and back from the trenches that one thinks of danger, for, once the telephone line to the guns has been tested and the battery has been notified that one is ready to open fire, the thrill of action and the cruel excitement of the game of honourable slaughter successfully stifle any other human feeling in one.

The bombardier is at the 'phone. His eyes are glued, as they say, to my lips. Even my inaudible "Damns!" muttered unconsciously when a shell falls too short or over, are unconsciously repeated by his faithful lips; for, like the zealous hairdresser who keeps his scissors going all the time, the bombardier signaller knows that he must keep his attention "going" the whole while, so that he may catch up at once the orders that must be transmitted without an instant's delay to

the blind and obedient battery at the other end of the wire. He knows that we are the antennæ, the 'phone line the optic nerve, and the guns the fire-spitting body of the composite little animal known as the 18-pounder quick-firing battery. So engrossed is he, indeed, that he forgets the flies on his brow and nose, the manœuvres of which my other signaller watches silently, with a sort of morbid fascination.

"No. 1 gun action!" I shout. "No. 1 gun action!" is rapped out by the bombardier almost before the words are out of my mouth. "Target Z report when ready!" Same play as before on the part of the bombardier. ("Target Z" conforms to a previously arranged code, for the Germans are listening with feelers in the ground, and would gather intelligence too easily if I named the target.) A few seconds elapse; this time I watch the bombardier's lips with something fiercer even than a rude child's stare. "No. 1 ready, sir!" he shouts. "Fire!" is my instantaneous reply. The same play as before. "No. 1 fired, sir!" Immediately my glasses are clapped to my eyes, my head rises automatically above the parapet, a dull crash is heard far away in the rear, and with a swinging "whizz" high up over our heads one of our shells dashes headlong across No Man's Land.

"One degree more left!" I yell. "One degree more left!" reaches the sensorium of the battery almost as quickly as I pronounce the words. And so it goes on.

In front of me, over in No Man's Land, a big Hun, with whom I seem almost on terms of familiarity, lies scorching in the sun. He has been there for days, growing bluer and fatter every hour—so much so that his clothes cling to his form with the evenness of a coat of paint. To-day, while I survey him with a sort of callous interest, I suddenly notice a rent in one of the seams of his tunic which seems to be gaping wider and wider every second. Suddenly the lips of the rent vibrate, move, and appear to be growing liquid. Nauseated as I am, I cannot avert my gaze, and then, to my horror, a swarm of a million flies rises like a cloud into the air. It is the Hun's soul taking flight at last, and as I watch the hellish brood advancing towards me—to foul our food, poison our drink, and disturb the few hours of sleep that we sometimes try to snatch during the day following upon a hard night with the guns—I cannot suppress the silent obvious comment that it is also the Hun's posthumous form of frightfulness.

"LOUISE" AT THE ALDWYCH.

By Πέτρος.

HOURS Paris Louise ne serait pas Louise", sings the enthusiastic Julien. In spite of this they have put "Louise" into English—an English which at times fairly successfully conceals what the opera is about, and occasionally puts upon it a complexion which would considerably astonish the Parisians. Thus, when Louise says to her mother: "Mon amant! Il ne l'est pas encore! Mais on dirait vraiment que vous voulez qu'il le devienne", the moralist who has care of the text at the Aldwych causes her to say: "Disgrace! It has not come to that; but you may drive me to it yet!" I am quoting from memory and do not vouch for the strict verbal accuracy of these readings, but the essence of the translation is there.

"Louise" in English drives home a truth which has reluctantly suggested itself on many occasions lately at the Aldwych. It is a mistake to translate opera. There is always a risk of spoiling the music (for notes do not sound alike when sung to different words).

There is also a risk of spoiling a good libretto or—a far more frequent and serious matter—of revealing the full demerits of a bad one. There is the further risk of clumsily denationalising a work which out of its own time and country loses half its meaning. "Hors Paris Louise ne serait pas Louise." It is no use pretending that Tristan is not a German. No one but a German of the last generation could pant with love and metaphysics at one and the same time. When one hears "Tannhäuser" in French one is inevitably provoked to wonder whether a Frenchman would feel himself lost beyond redemption because he had spent a night on the Venusberg. Do not all charms fly—all charms, at all events, of Italian opera—at the mere touch of the Anglo-Saxon idiom? The heroes of Mascagni, Puccini, and the rest are passionate Italians when they sing in their native language. When they speak English they are mad, impossible foreigners.

Sir Thomas Beecham knows all this as well as his critics. The question is whether by giving opera in English, and at moderate prices, he has been able to attract people from the highways and byways who want opera to tell them a story in English as plain as the disastrously poetical vocabularies of English translators will allow. If substituting the word "disgrace" for the word "amant" will induce English people to listen to Charpentier's tactful and clever music, let us by all means slaughter "Louise" to make a bourgeois holiday. If rhyming "rapture" with "capture", or "yearning" with "burning" will substitute the "Prelude and Liebestod" for "Kiss Auntie" or "A Girl's as Safe as Houses Sitting on the Knees of Men" in the homes of England, let us not hesitate a moment, but allow our noble language to "strafe" indiscriminately the idiom of our Allies and enemies. But can Sir Thomas assure us that opera in English has drawn to the Aldwych anyone who would not have been there for opera in French, German, or Italian? Only Sir Thomas can say. The responsibility lies with him.

Meantime the proper spirit in which to think of "Louise", "Aida", and the rest at the Aldwych Theatre has from the first been one of simple gratitude. To have any sort of grand opera in these days is wonderful. To have an opera which is well mounted, well sung, and well conducted (as most of the Aldwych operas have been) is more than we expect or deserve. That it should be opera in English is a trifle beside the fact that it has at least been opera.

It is hard to recapture in these days the Paris of Charpentier:

"Ris-toi des lois!
Et des bourgeois"—

a Paris of Montmartre, of the Quartier Latin, and, to some extent, of the literary imagination. Paris to-day is no longer the haunt of noctambules, and the Pape des Fous could no more hold his revels in that quiet, devoted city than in South Kensington or Ealing. Perhaps it was a sense of this which induced Miss Miriam Licette and her companions the other evening to concentrate more upon the domestic tale of "Louise" than upon the evocation of Paris. The whole company were clearly more at ease when they could get away from the real subject of the opera (which is Paris: 1900) and show us the home of Louise. Or was it that, knowing how Paris looks and lives to-day, we imagined that this was so? At all events, the scene which most appealed to us the other night was the first (particularly the scene between Louise and her father), and of the later scenes we liked those best where the story of Louise herself was resumed and forwarded rather than those in which Charpentier offers us "Paris: 1900" for an idol.

This, of course, is not quite as it should be. The story of Louise is almost the least important thing in the opera. "Paris: 1900" is Charpentier's theme—Paris with her chiffoniers, glaneuses, noctambules, gardiens de la paix, laitières, gavroches, étudiants, philosophes, chansonniers, marchands d'habits, ouvrières, and the voix lointaines crying their wares down the hillside of Montmartre. The culmination of

"Louise" is where the lovers—or should we say the disgraces?—kneel to Paris and invoke her blessing. "La Ville m'a donné La Fille", says Julien, and proceeds to ring all the possible changes on that theme. There is no kneeling at the Aldwych, and, quite apart from the difference between French and English, the kneeling was wisely omitted. Paris is upon our knees to-day in quite another fashion.

Miss Miriam Licette, as we have hinted, subdued her Louise to the time. She was mostly tender and quiet. She made an appealing character of the part, using her real skill as an actress to suggest the little things which music is too big to bother about.

Louise requires an actress as well as a singer, for Charpentier has put more into her written character than into her music. This is true of the opera as a whole, and it is fortunate that the Aldwych company knows how to handle such a work. "Louise" taxes them at a high rate, for in "Louise" Charpentier has tried to do in opera what cannot be done in music, so that at times there is flat contradiction between the singing and the saying. Since Charpentier wrote "Louise" we have had sixteen years or so of experiment in trying to put music to the uses of realism, and the time is about ripe to admit that, except for purposes of illustration or burlesque—except as a sort of joyful impropriety or simple mimicry—realism in music is not music at all. No one can sing, though Mr. D'Oisly has to try: "As I ran downstairs humming as usual", or ask in musical terms: "Do you intend to leave me all the work to do?" Charpentier's "Louise" is a great and lawful success, but it is a success won not so much with the help of music as in music's despite. It is, in fact, a literary success, the success of a dramatist who happens to know how to illustrate his play with music rather than the success of a musician composing an opera. "Louise" is more akin to a work like Wormser's "L'Enfant Prodigue" than to "Tristan" or "La Bohème". Fortunately, Miss Licette, Miss Clegg, and Mr. Ranalow are all able to look their parts, to behave quite naturally, and to pay all due attention to the literary and dramatic needs of Charpentier. The producer of the opera, Mr. George King, has also seen to it that the scenes, dresses, and general appurtenances are all as pleasantly illustrative as the acting.

THE DEAD.

I WATCHED the daylight fading,
The day that you had died,
I saw the lamps lit, one by one,
Down the road side.

I watched the trees stand black and still
Against grey cloudy skies,
And over Grange Hill, dark and low,
Saw the moon rise.

The floods gleamed palely on the links:
There was nothing I could do:
I stood like stone, and seemed to be
The dead—not you.

M. ST. C. BYRNE.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE HERO OF THE "CALLIOPE".

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.
Conservative Club, S.W.,

7 February 1917.

SIR.—The recent death of Admiral Sir Henry Kane, often called "the hero of the 'Calliope'", recalls an incident which happened nearly thirty years ago and set at rest the doubt whether by the introduction of steam in lieu of sails on our war vessels the quality of our seamanship, which had always told so much for the supremacy of the English Navy, would not show

inevitable signs of deterioration. No one, however, who has read Robert Louis Stevenson's "A Footnote to History", containing the thrilling story of the great hurricane which devastated Samoa in March 1889, and of the marvellous escape of H.M.S. "Calliope" by steaming out from the harbour of Apia in the teeth of it, written when Stevenson was resident but a few miles from Apia itself, can have any doubt as to that result.

When I came out from England at the latter end of that year, to take up an official appointment in the Western Pacific, the whole of that part of our dominions was still talking of that wondrous feat, a feat magnified by the fact that one British war vessel had accomplished something which three American and three German had failed to do.

Stevenson's account of Capt. Kane's great exploit is a magnificent piece of descriptive writing, and makes every British subject thrill with pride in his Navy—pride, I am happy to say, that is fully maintained at the present juncture, when the three nations there represented are once more rivals on a much grander scale.

But there were other heroes besides Capt. Kane on the "Calliope" that day. The engineering staff had its share of them. What her commander owed to his engineers may be realised when we are told that at no time during that awful day did the ship's speed exceed "one sea mile an hour", and this when "much of the machinery was already red-hot"! And yet—paradoxical though it may seem—I was told that when the "Calliope" was in Sydney Harbour, not long previous to the hurricane, her boilers had been condemned by the naval authorities of that port!

Again, surely the sailors on board the "Trenton", the American flagship, who, whilst they drove slowly to their doom, cheered the British vessel as it passed them in its effort to avoid their fate, belong to that same noble band!

Apart from Stevenson, the story of the "Calliope's" escape has been widely told, and no doubt will be again revived; but my object in writing to the SATURDAY REVIEW is not so much to revive that tale as to point its undoubted moral. Following upon the extraordinary system of government then existing in Samoa—by England, Germany, and the United States—an excellent parody upon the triangular duel in Marryat's "Mr. Midshipman Easy", we can all now see the folly of having yielded up our share in its possession, one of the gems of the Western Pacific and the abode of one of the handsomest and most docile races of Polynesia, to Germany as a sop to Bismarck, without any thought then of the injury that must have inevitably have been caused, but for the present cleansing war, to our dominions in that ocean. Had Stevenson been then alive, such a surrender never could have taken place—his influence with the British Press at home was too great for that—for he loved his Samoans too well and loathed the Germans too much. But now, thank God, everything in that part of the world seems in a fair way of being remedied, and the prospect is enough to cause "Tusitala" to turn in his lonely tomb on the neighbouring mountain—which I visited in 1897—for joy and satisfaction.

But Stevenson's resting-place was not the only thing of interest that I saw in Samoa during my short visit. There, stranded on the reef in the harbour of Apia, lay all that remained of the "Adler", the principal of the three German warships, then, as Stevenson wrote, "the hugest structure of man's hands within a circuit of a thousand miles". And so it still remained: "keel to the waves . . . a thing to dream of". If I mistake not, the interpretation of that dream was rightly solved by the New Zealand Expeditionary Force, when it descended upon Apia shortly after the commencement of the war, and the establishment of the Australian Navy.

Will Germany have even as much as that old wreck to show in Pacific waters in the days to come? I wonder whether the wreck of the old "Adler" still lay, as I saw it in 1897, upon the reef at Apia when the

New Zealanders came down, or whether the Teuton had not, in the days of his short domination there, taken care to remove all such traces of Britain's supremacy in seamanship! Anyhow, it was not a good omen!

I have a little water-colour drawing of the "Adler" lying on the reef, sketched in 1896 by A. G. Plate, a travelling German artist, I believe, on the look-out for likely "subjects", which shows the vessel with her back broken in half certainly, but not, with the exception of a large portion of the hinder part, "keel to the waves", as Stevenson describes it. It is a pathetic-looking object, and none the less so as significant of the end of Germany's naval career in the Southern Pacific. The concluding words of Stevenson's great chapter are full of significance to-day:

"The so-called hurricane of 16 March made thus a marking epoch in world-history: directly and at once it brought about the Congress and Treaty of Berlin; indirectly, and by a process still continuing, it founded the modern navy of the States. Coming years and other historians will declare the influence of that." And, may we not add, the foundation of the present Great Germany navy?

In conclusion I would like to refer to a statement made by a correspondent in the "Morning Post" of the 5th inst., that Capt. Kane "ordered all hands on deck, caps off, and read the prayer for those in peril on the seas". It may be so; but it seems to me hardly likely. In the first place, it must be remembered that Capt. Kane was a Catholic; and, secondly, could any hands have been spared from below during that awful struggle for the mastery of the sea? May not the writer of that letter be confusing this statement with Stevenson's account of Colonel de Coetlogon, who was at that time British Consul at Samoa, when he said: "De Coetlogon, the grim old soldier, collected his family and kneeled with them in an agony of prayer for those exposed". I have met the late Colonel de Coetlogon, and I can quite believe that Admiral Kane has, in course of time, received the honours that were his due.

The Admiralty has been often blamed for what it has or has not done in the present war. But can any Englishman find fault with the answer that was given by it when the question was asked in the House of Commons whether Capt. Kane should not be honoured or recompensed for this splendid incident in Samoa? "No, sir", was the reply, "England expects every man to do his duty."

Your obedient servant,
J. S. UDAL, F.S.A.

REPRISALS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.
Chelsea,
February 1917.

SIR,—You have on several occasions permitted me, in the SATURDAY REVIEW, to urge the necessity of reprisals on the Germans for their acts of studied barbarity on our unarmed civilians, including women and little children. Very soon after the outbreak of hostilities it became apparent that we and our Allies were fighting a brutal and degenerate nation, prepared to throw to the winds every law of God and man; a nation who could not be combated by ordinary means, and whom, for the sake and safety of our own people, it was necessary to treat like savage wild beasts. Of course there were cries from sentimentalists, who appeared to prefer the well-being and security of Germans to those of our own people, that reprisals are unchristian, and that we should fight with clean hands. These Pecksniffian persons even went so far as to protest against the counter-employment of gas, which in the first instance cost such unspeakable torture to our lads at the front—whom these humanitarians would sooner have seen continue to suffer and die rather than that our men should defend themselves by employing it against the enemy. Now, however, the Huns have set a seal upon their crimes by threatening to

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sink hospital ships, and we may hope that even pro-Germans will now recognise the necessity of exercising reprisals, in order to protect our sick and wounded from the German Navy, which has shown itself to be a rival of its army in deeds of murder. Lord Newton stated a day or two ago the means, and, indeed, the only means, of dealing with the above hitherto unheard of atrocity, that is, that a number of prominent Germans, who are prisoners of war among us, should be transferred to all hospital ships, and there incarcerated. I would go further, and distribute them among all liners and other ships as far as possible. Warning of this would, of course, be given to the German Government. It is quite possible that the Huns may sacrifice the lives of their own people in order to slaughter our sick and wounded with doctors and nurses; but it is possible that the above measures may restrain their hands, and, at any rate, we owe it to our gallant soldiers and sailors who are lying sick and helpless in our hospital ships to adopt every means which may save them from the Hun. Over and over again was the late Government urged to adopt reprisals, but apparently the intense susceptibility of some members of it, on account of Germans, and all things German, stood in the way.

Again, if these threats of the German Government are carried out, all German property in this Empire should be confiscated; this step would, of course, be followed by the sequestration of all British property in Germany, which is comparatively small, and there would be a large balance to go towards the huge war indemnity which Germany must be compelled to pay.

Your obedient servant,
ALFRED E. TURNER.

PROTECTION V. FREE IMPORTS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR.—Soon after the beginning of the war contentious subjects, generally, were shelved; consequently the question of protection of British industries has not of late been much discussed; nearly every day, however, articles appear in the Press on the prospects of trade when peace is declared. It is certainly important to know, as far as possible, how we are likely to stand with regard to tariffs. I have seen nothing very definite as to whether we are going to continue our old suicidal policy of free imports. Is Great Britain going to be the only country expected to make sacrifices and amicable concessions? Certainly it is satisfactory, and often amusing, to an old Protectionist, as I am, to find how many people are waking up to the facts and, what is more, confessing their errors. I have lived in three foreign countries, and I have found that in this country it was by no means the ignorant only who persistently shouted for Free Trade. The staunchest advocates were the too numerous individuals, both native and foreign, who got their living by buying and selling foreign goods. In your issue of the 3rd inst., page 101, you say: "The enormous emigration of Germans to foreign countries, which moved Treitschke's honest indignation, took place under Free Trade conditions; but industries grew so rapidly at home under the tariff that emigration dwindled year by year, and finally almost ceased". In 1896 Mr. W. T. Stead published a pamphlet entitled, "Wake up, John Bull"; in the preface he says, "The fable of the hare and the tortoise needs to be dinged into John Bull's ears just now. This nation, having grown fat and comfortable, is being distanced in the race. The foreigner, whom we despised, is forging ahead. Already the most ignorant districts of the three kingdoms have succumbed before the stress of foreign competition. The destruction that has fallen upon our agriculture is now threatening our manufactures". It has taken a disastrous war to make John Bull open his eyes. In Cobden's days it was the Lancashire manufacturers who, with an intense selfish motive, argued that if corn and foodstuffs were admitted free the operatives could live cheaper and work cheaper, it mattered nothing what

became of agriculture, they would manufacture for the world. Having got the start, business boomed for a time, but gradually the tables turned, and latterly foreigners have been manufacturing more and more for us. Very few of our exports have been wholly and solely British. As to the land, when it no longer paid to grow corn a great deal of it did go out of cultivation, and now, yes, now, the panic-stricken Free Traders talk about digging up lawns and parks to plant potatoes. There is not the least necessity, there is plenty of suitable land available without that. There are still individuals who acclaim themselves "Free Traders". Where is our free trade? With what important country in the world does it exist? There is perhaps one rift in the lute, one fly in the amber; it is this: If we obtain Protection and the British workman is going to strike every month regularly for more money the cheap goods will find their way into this country again no matter whence the origin.

Yours truly,
TRAVELLER.

EXAGGERATING THE SUBMARINE MENACE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

5 February 1917.

SIR.—The submarine menace to our mercantile shipping is serious enough, in all conscience, and yet not sufficiently serious, apparently, to deter some of our vociferous "experts" from grossly exaggerating it. Whether successful or not in their presumable object of disturbing the slumber of over-confident dreamers, they certainly succeed in furnishing a fine series of heartening texts for German orators intent on cheering their compatriots with stories of the terrible prowess of the weapon which has, for the time being, taken the place of the Zeppelin in the popular imagination as an instrument of vengeance.

Why do writers—some of them comparatively well informed on naval matters—adopt this more than dubious policy? Is it not because, right from the outbreak of war, they have never realised that, of all foolish habits, that of exaggeration calls down most surely and most swiftly the penalty of futility, and that no cause is so strong that this stultifying treatment is powerless to discredit it?

It is, of course, little more than a commonplace to add that those who are now falling into the error of striving to arouse the public to the existence of a danger to which it is not yet fully awake by stating that danger in extravagant terms, are precisely those who are so largely responsible for sending the same public to sleep by their insistence, and wearisome reiteration, on our absolute naval mastery over the enemy in everything but comparative trifles. To the superficial observer it might almost appear that the later error goes far to atone for the earlier. In reality it is not so; for the ultimate psychological effect of this alternating hot and cold treatment is that the victim emerges from the ordeal absolutely impervious to both.

So much for the effect of this policy on the public generally: what of its influence on the action of the authorities (for its more conspicuous advocates rarely omit to indicate to the latter, more or less dogmatically, the modifications which they ought forthwith to adopt)? Are Sir Edward Carson and Sir John Jellicoe to be turned from their course by a hairbreadth, in the matter of allocating the relative proportions of military and mercantile tonnage, because, forsooth, some popular writer chooses to put our monthly losses at a higher figure than the enemy's own claim for the period in question, or because a group of City men may believe that far too many capital ships have been built already, and that not another must be laid down?

If so, the absolute confidence which many of us feel in the strength and wisdom of the present Board of Admiralty is a delusion, and it is to our bewildering quick-change annunciations of alternating naval security and naval jeopardy that we must look for real guidance in all that concerns this vital problem!

Yours faithfully,
REALIST.

THE CENSORSHIP OF NEWSPAPERS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.
Oak Lodge, Guildford,

30 January 1917.

SIR,—It is the opinion of many people that the censorship of the English Press, since the outbreak of the war in 1914, has been ill-conducted and at times quite irrational. The records of passing events regarding our war operations have usually been meagre and curtailed, and in some cases entirely suppressed without sufficient cause; yet, on the other hand, events that ought to have been concealed from the enemy have appeared in large type in many of our London newspapers. For instance, the Censors have permitted the publication of facts such as follow: That on certain occasions the German shells fired at our land-forces have been "blind" (failed to explode), and that those of their sea-raids have been "short" and "have fallen harmlessly into the sea". Such information is of vast importance to our enemy's gun-layers, who can then make the necessary corrections to ensure their future effectiveness.

The names of localities where fires and explosions have occurred in England and abroad are, as a rule, unpublished, although well known to thousands of our inhabitants, and, no doubt, to many German spies residing in their proximity, who are enabled to report the occurrence of them to their headquarters in Germany.

Surely, it is quite time that some reform should be introduced, for if, after two years of Censor-practice, no better results of that work is obtainable, it becomes a question of policy whether the authorities of our Press should not be allowed (with certain restrictions) to decide for themselves what news should and what should not appear in print for the information of the public.

Yours obediently,
H. E. DOLPHIN,
Lieut.-Colonel.

OFFICIAL SECRECY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

23 January 1917.

SIR,—It seems to me time that a protest should be made against the practice of stating that a serious accident by fire or explosion, etc., has occurred without naming the locality. Whether or not an enemy has done the thing no harm could be done by publishing such particulars as must be known in Germany without delay, just as they are known in London, and can be learned at once by all who have correspondents in London. The result of the secrecy is that thousands of families in the country whose relatives are working in London (or elsewhere, as the case may be), are kept in a cruel state of suspense, which is quite needless. When a man-of-war, or transport, or merchant vessel is lost the name is given; and all who have friends at sea in other vessels are at once relieved of anxiety about them. Why should not the suspense be confined to those families whose relatives are working in the factory where the accident occurs? I do not suggest that details should be published of the work done at the factory, etc.; but the enemy would not get any help from a statement that a fire or explosion has occurred in a factory in (e.g.) Smith Street, Poplar. I suppose the official ban is due to the official habit of forbidding because of possession of the power of forbidding, rather than because of any need for so doing.

Your obedient servant,
ZETETES.

WOMEN MOBILISING.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

1 February 1917.

SIR,—The demand from farmers for women workers is now becoming intense. If it is not met at once, not only will more land go out of cultivation at this critical time, but also there is serious danger of the sale of more dairy cows and consequent shortage of milk.

The situation is grave and women are urgently needed to help in saving the country from the disaster of famine.

The National Land Council has the work well in hand, and it is mobilising the women with all possible speed. Delay spells disaster. Their recent appeal for 20,000 women had a splendid response from women now doing excellent work all over the country. But many more are wanted at once. Inexperienced women often can be put into efficient farm training immediately, and experienced women into posts on good farms. Again the Council appeals to all women who can milk or have worked on the land in any capacity to come forward now. Others can take their place in the war work they leave, but the land is the most urgent appeal. The food supply of the Army and the nation must be kept up at all costs, and on women now the responsibility must chiefly fall.

Conditions and wages will be carefully arranged. Girls and women are urged to apply at once, and farmers also should make immediate application for labour to Miss Margaret Milne Farquharson, Bank Buildings, 16, St. James's Street, S.W.

The Council is prepared to train and place in farms 50,000 young, strong, capable women.

M. M. FARQUHARSON,
Hon. Secretary of the Executive Land Council
of the National Political League.

WOMEN ON FARMS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

118, Freeman Street,

Grimsby.

SIR,—I am confident worthy women are not being suitably employed. I know a cultured young lady (23), with agricultural college training, and holding a certificate of efficiency for milking, dairy work and cheese making, who recently took a situation on an English farm. Her duties were to have been milking, cheese and butter making and kitchen garden, but instead of that her work was of the most filthy description chiefly, and was quite out of harmony with her ability and profession. Her hours were cruel and the wages the magnificent sum of 5s. per week.

Her farm outfit and fares were very costly indeed, and she had to give up in disgust, after receiving 10s. for a fortnight's indignities.

In my opinion women service must come under better control if the Empire is to profit from female farming activities.

I am, Sir, yours truly,
WILLIAM H. MARRIS.

LIFE AFTER DEATH?

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Wick Court, near Bristol.

SIR,—In reference to the alleged communication between Sir Oliver Lodge and his son, Raymond Sidney Clarkson asks: "Can Sir Oliver give any reason why he should have been so specially favoured when hundreds of parents have lost a son under similar circumstances?"

Very little reflection is necessary to show that such a question is unanswerable; it is as useless to ask why Sir Oliver was so specially favoured as to ask why out of the forty-five millions in Great Britain only a few, here and there, are specially favoured by delight in music. We have not, and cannot have, the remotest idea of why our universe is constituted as it is and why some are more specially favoured than others.

Sir Oliver's experience is by no means unique, and communication with the dead, as alleged, is not confined to the period of the present war; there are hundreds of reported cases.

It would be beside the question for me to express my personal opinion as to the veracity of Sir Oliver's experience, but I must point out that, though the communication was

to him alone, the fact published has brought peace and contentment to many other bereaved parents. Sir Oliver Lodge's experience was evidential; very many have had personal communion with the dead which, absolutely convincing to themselves, is not evidential. Sidney Clarkson's strictures apply far more strongly to such non-evidential cases. Why they occur no one can say; the only reply is that they do.

Your obedient servant,
F. C. CONSTABLE.

I fear that "liberty, equality and fraternity" is not yet established as a trinity for humanity!

THE PERILS OF THE STREETS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Everyone knows that the "sweet security of streets," which Lamb accounted one of the charms of London, is a thing of the past. But the public does not realise the recklessness and London assurance—to call it by no worse name—of drivers of motor vehicles. Let me mention my case, as it has some unusual points, and I have the luck to be still alive.

A fortnight ago, as I have still painful reasons to remember, I was hurled headlong by a motor-'bus. Yet I was standing close at the end of a shelter and in a straight line with the middle of it on the very spot where I saw a policeman standing a few days ago. I was awaiting an opportunity to cross the road in a main London thoroughfare, when suddenly a motor-'bus came round on me from the wrong side of the road and knocked me headlong. The driver—to save time, I suppose; that is the only thing people think of nowadays—had taken the wrong side of the road and made as sharp a turn as possible to get into the right one. I have an indistinct memory of his saying, "Get ahrt!" or words to that effect, when his vehicle was on me. He must have felt the shock of my body, but he paid no attention to my fall, nor did anyone else either in the 'bus or in the street. I might have been run over again before I could get up for all the assistance secured. And this in a main thoroughfare of London just before seven in the evening! I am old enough to know that Philistines are much commoner than good Samaritans, but even the former usually have, if their feelings of humanity are blunted, a sense of curiosity which gives them a certain pleasure in assisting at an accident.

In this case the motor-man goes on his way gaily and I have no means to identify him. A few kind friends wonder why, having been knocked silly some way off, I did not ascertain the number of his rapidly disappearing vehicle. Some of these motor gentry appear to belong to the race of Jehu, and doubtless love to leave the quick and the dead behind them.

I am nobody in particular, though you are aware that I am a person worthy of credit. When somebody who is somebody is killed outright, or, worse still, endures before the end the agony of a broken spine, there will be a big row about it. I remind you, too, that there are wounded soldiers about in the streets of London who necessarily have to move slowly. It is not nice to think of them as wounded in the war and killed in our streets at home.

Yours faithfully,
CANTAB.

"THE MODERN DEITY."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

29 January 1917.

SIR,—His worship began in England with the liturgy, "Honesty is the best policy". This was improved in the United States into "Make money—honestly if you can, but make it". Germany has brought it to its natural perfection: "Make money—by war if necessary, and use every vile means to win". Hence the war.

Yours faithfully,
J. P. P.

REVIEWS. WIZARDRY.

"Romance of Old Belgium." By Elizabeth W. Champney and Frère Champney. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 10s. 6d. net.

ROMANCE is a wizardry. For literature its gracious word is invoked to reincarnate beauty that is perished, and to awaken sympathy with joyful tragic, or noble things. Its appeal is to feelings and passions that are common to all men. Its magic is to make the reader emotionally one with the knight or lover, the mother or child, whose story is entralling him. Under its spell he has a pale experience of adventures not his own. The thrill is also for him, as for one that should voyage perilously, or agonise, or be happy in a dream. And the gift and power of the romantic is gauged by the measure in which he is able to bring about such illusion.

It can scarcely be said that the present author is a successful romantic. Indubitably there needs a wizard to "make" romance. To have perception of it in things is not enough. For, consider the task. It is to resolve dust into life, to put back the salt in tears, the joy in long stilled laughter, the warmth in burnt out fires. And this requires at once a heaven-sent gift and a special craft. The author's theme is full of glamour, her manner of presentation conveys but an empty shell. Because her historical humanity is clothed with no recognisable life sympathy remains unstirred and romance is not achieved.

The book proposes a series of legends and romances to illustrate "the early history of Belgium from half mythical ages before the Christian era down through the centuries to mediaeval days of troubadour and tourney". The legend of Caesar's Nervian wife, and the story of the wooing of Philippa of Hainault find place in the collection. It is, of course, unfair to criticise conceptions of the manners and speech of those remote times. Our most potent wizard disclaimed for his part any over-strict adherence to antiquarian truth. Yet if there is small reason to suppose that the fictional Ivanhoe would have spoken in the manner used by his creator there is less reason to imagine that the historical Philippa, or her kinsfolk, would have spoken in the style affected by this author. She says:

"One day the family held the most battlesome argument regarding the invasion of England. 'Heap of pigs? Let there be an end to this madness!', shouted the Earl. 'I maintain that it is the part of Hainault to keep one eye on the skirts of France and the other on the crown of England!'

"'Twere a skew-eyed diplomacy', murmured Queen Isabella; 'I misdoubt, cousin Guillaume, that both thine eyes would fain follow French skirts'.

"Opening the casement she looked down upon the pleasaunce, where it fortune that Philippa and the Prince were culling cherries from each other's lips. The sound of their laughter mounted like music to the oriel above."

Is this to restore to mediaeval scenes the atmosphere of life?

"Scott", said Stevenson, "is out and away the King of the romantics". And Scott was past-master in the art of "stealing"—not forcing—mediaeval impressions upon the mind. He held as it were a half-light to the present and found and made it "as for to loken up on an old romance". As Ruskin defined the aim of the inventive landscape painter so may be defined the aim of the romantic. "It must be to give the far higher and deeper truth of mental vision rather than that of physical facts, and to reach a representation which though . . . totally unlike the place shall yet be capable of producing on the far-away beholder's mind precisely the impression which the reality would have produced."

By conoering himself less with antiquity of language and manners than with affections and feelings that are universal, and by preferring poetry before an artificial quaintness of diction, the "Wizard of the North" produced his effects of truthful portraiture.

The cult—and pitfall—of the fantastic and the

"quaint" are painfully evident in the collection before us. Such phrases as "ungodsome howlings", "Her heart gripped for ruth", "Yoland stood stark-white", occur at intervals, whilst interspersed in the stories are verses, by a collaborator, in mock—we had almost written mocked—old English. It may be regretted that these include a "transcription", an addition to and a mutilation of part of the 6th canto of "The Lay of the Last Minstrel". The book contains ninety well chosen illustrations and an account of some notable examples of Belgian architecture.

FIELDING AND SMOLLETT.

The Works of Henry Fielding. 6 vols. 18s. net.
The Works of Tobias Smollett. 5 vols. 15s. net.
 Sold only in sets. The International Library. Jarrold.

FIELDING and Smollett are an inevitable pair, like their literary descendants, Thackeray and Dickens. They themselves descend from Cervantes and Le Sage. Both were much better models for the English novel than Richardson, whose sentimentalism and infinite piling up of detail have had a great influence on the tedious romances of to-day. Fielding has been accused of emphasising the prudential view of virtue; but he goes beyond it, whereas Richardson unblushingly emphasises it in his thousands of pages. We escape with pleasure out of the mincing virtues of "Pamela" into the honesty of "Joseph Andrews" and "Tom Jones". Fielding, though occasionally coarse, is sound of heart and head, not sentimental, not for ever analysing morbid emotions, and free, we may add to-day, from that "nostalgia of the infinite" which plays so large a part in modern literature. He has no high philosophy; he writes histories, not romances, and all his figures are alive, not faultless monsters, but imperfect creatures with whom we sympathise, and to whom he acts as chorus, expounding his own views on life, treating the classical cosmogony of gods and goddesses with the ready wit of Lucian. These little lectures are vexatious to some, but they can easily be skipped, and they are no mere academic performances. They represent the views of a man who had seen and suffered much, a police magistrate who was also an admirable craftsman in letters. Coleridge thought the plot of "Tom Jones" one of the three best in the world. Man with Fielding, says Taine, is "a good buffalo, and perhaps he is the hero required by a people which is itself called 'John Bull'". This, though grossly exaggerated, is true in a way; Fielding believes chiefly in instincts, but Fielding is full of morals, and buffaloes are not. If he does not always thwack vice as he should, he comes down on it most heavily when it is associated with cruelty and hypocrisy. We have to tackle these fine flowers of vice to-day, and the cudgel of Parson Adams is more to the point than the gentle admonitions of the Vicar of Wakefield.

Destiny was hard on Smollett, and he retorted by a kind of ill-tempered ability, which comes out in nearly all his work, and seems ill-fitted to a picaresque disciple of Le Sage. To a Scot the attitude of "Nemo me impune lacessit" comes naturally; it has its nobility, but Smollett overdid it. He was a doctor, and his nastiness was that of a medical student who has not grown up and out of it. His very generosity was lacking in delicacy. In a dedication, perhaps aimed at himself, he speaks thus of the dedicatee: "I have blushed at the weakness of your conversation and trembled at the errors of your conduct". He paid off old scores in print, being as strangely free with human material as his literary child Dickens. He owns that he gave way too much to the suggestions of personal resentment. He did not live long enough to give the world his best, for he had mellowed vastly when, in his last years, he produced "Humphrey Clinker".

Yet when all this is said—and the *advocatus diaboli* has a strong case—Smollett survives as infinitely amusing, if not charming. He knows how to write, and his easy-going narrative abounds in romantic

material and figures of engaging fantasy. The tavern, the swindling landlord, the highwayman, the hussies of high and low life, the pedant, the humbug of the Court—all are wonderfully pictured. And in one respect Smollett holds the pre-eminence. Captain Cuttle is but a mild imitation of his splendid sea-dogs. He has a whole gallery of them nicely discriminated, from the uproarious to the sulky. Lieutenant Bowling, in "Roderick Random", seems the last word in breezy, generous humanity. But he is as nothing when we come to "Peregrine Pickle" and the wild triumvirate of Trunnion, Hatchway, and Pipes. Burke, with his fine taste and wide knowledge, thought the last-named the most humorous and highly finished character that ever was invented. Smollett is unequal, but at his best he is, like Fielding, a rare craftsman, a man who has been there and can write. His story is loosely constructed, but he can tell it as a man of talent and education should. So the judicious reader will return to him when he has as much idea of re-reading the skimble-skamble stuff of to-day as of standing on his head.

Books that can be carried in the hand easily, and taken to the fire, or slipped into the pocket, are the most convenient books to read. This International Library is excellent in this way, for the volumes are both handy and printed in large clear type on India paper. They are also provided with vigorous introductions which, somewhat strangely, have no author's name attached to them. For critics of any discernment they are signed by the learned gusto and polyglot style of ex-Professor Saintsbury, who is never happier than when he is dilating on the eighteenth century. The set of Fielding includes, besides the great novels, "Jonathan Wild", the Lucianic visit to the next world, and as much, probably, of the "Miscellanies" as the reader is likely to want. The "Voyage to Lisbon" is, of course, essential, a rare piece of Fielding maintaining his courage and fine temper in a time of grave illness and discomfort. Smollett's works other than novels are ignored, though his "Travels through France and Italy" are by no means to be laid aside with Sterne's damning criticism of Smelfungus. A doctor curious about his own symptoms, Smollett could not bear ill health like Fielding, but his "Travels" are full of that intellectual curiosity which is a feature of the best minds of the eighteenth century, and which has since been commonly wasted on trivialities. Dr. Saintsbury holds in his Introduction a brief for the "Travels", and we should have been glad to see them in this edition. The "Account of the Expedition against Cartagena", though Smollett was himself in it, is dull, and will not be missed.

THE NATURALIST IN PARADISE.

A Naturalist in Borneo. By the late Robert W. C. Shelford. Edited with a Biographical Introduction by Edward B. Poulton. Fisher Unwin. 15s. net.

HERE is a fascinating and unusual book, the work of a well-trained and thoughtful observer in many fields of science. Mr. Shelford's death in 1912 was a great loss to science, and was due to an accidental slip, which brought on the disease he suffered from as a boy. His latest sphere of energy was as assistant curator of the Hope Department of Zoology at Oxford. During his long illness he wrote this book and could not complete it; but it has been so carefully supervised and corrected by Prof. Poulton and other expert hands that it shows no traces of the conditions in which it was produced. Some sections the author would have doubtless enlarged, and would have added others; but what we have before us is both full of interest and carefully annotated. The book is unusual because it represents the author's seven years of experience as curator of the museum at Sarawak, and because he was a most ingenious and industrious naturalist, adding technical knowledge to an inquiring mind. He was specially keen on the problems of mimicry as a means of survival in the struggle for

existence, and throughout the book, before we come to the special chapter on the subject, he supplies a host of observations on the odd habits of the world of life from animals to plants. It has even been suggested that certain plants produce a morbid growth of galleries for the ants which they expect. Theory runs wild in these regions of conjecture; observation is what we need, and this book is the result of endless, careful, and patient observation in a paradise for a naturalist, an island teeming with monkeys, snakes, crocodiles, and an immense range of curious lesser life, such as the stick insects. Occasionally the dry and polysyllabic style of science may be a little technical for the reader, but the book as a whole is well and clearly written and free from the clumsiness which is too common among scientific writers. It is also well illustrated. We see, for instance, a picture of the nest of the large Anthropoid Ape, nearly at the end of a surprisingly slender branch. This ape lies flat on its back on its nest and holds on firmly with hands and feet to the branches in the fork of which the nest lies. Its grip is secure even in the deepest slumber. Lower down in the tree the trunk and boughs would be too thick to grasp. The author kept one of these creatures as a pet, and it retained its arboreal habits when it went to bed. It picked up small objects in the same odd, pushing way that a baby does, and was quite unable to swim. In another ape, the Gibbon, it is shown how wonderfully adapted the fingers are for the gripping of trees. Another, the Brok, has a sense of humour, for it adopts ludicrous attitudes, and grimaces for its own amusement.

In the tree-shrews and squirrels we come on the puzzles of mimetic colouration. Both resemble each other greatly in their markings and movements, and the similarities of particular species belong to particular localities, though the shrews eat insects and the squirrels are vegetarian. A large section of animals and insects, so far as science can judge at present, advertise the fact that they are very disagreeable eating by warning colours, a bright red or yellow, and others by these same colours copy them and falsely advertise that they are not palatable. In all such inquiries the true food of the creature and the other creature for which it forms the natural food must be ascertained. We read in this book once more of a professor who used his own palate to discover whether an animal was distasteful or not. Whatever the workings of evolution, professors—fortunately, perhaps, for *Homo sapiens*—are not sufficiently numerous or voracious enough to induce warning colours in eatable butterflies or other possible forms of animal diet. A distasteful odour is a strong warning, and the author notes that *Gymnura rafflesii*, which is of the size of a rabbit, and resembles a big rat, smells so offensively that it can afford a fur of dead white—a most conspicuous colour in the jungle. Similarly, the skunk in North America advertises its appalling odour by a "large white tail borne aloft like a banner". The mimics are not so safe, for the distasteful animal they copy may become rare, and then their conspicuous livery may help to get them eaten. Some animals and insects afford a further puzzle, for they have a patch of bright colour, only shown on special occasions. Why should the Honey-Bear reveal on his black body the large cream-coloured patch at the throat when he is standing at bay in an erect attitude? Why should the snake give warnings with his rattle when it would pay to remain hidden? The discussion of the apparatus of the Flying Squirrels is very interesting. They have a parachute skin-flap. The Ant-Eater is an instance of extreme modification for a particular diet, and has immense strength for its size. The author put one in a small packing-case with a large slab of stone as a lid, but it pushed away the stone and escaped. It is also highly ingenious, if a Malay story is to be believed. It lies down in the jungle and pretends to be dead. The ants flock to it and swarm underneath its scales, which are slightly raised in a curled up position. The corpse comes to life, shuts down its scales as it strengthens itself, and trots with the imprisoned ants to the nearest water,

where it raises its scales and licks up the ants, as they float off, with its long tongue.

The crocodile in Borneo exacts a considerable toll yearly of human life, and the Government pays a reward of 9d. a foot for everyone killed, also for every egg destroyed. A young specimen brought to the museum for the author to inspect, and scarcely four feet long, when it was released rushed with open jaws for the natives standing by. Pebbles were found in the stomach of a large crocodile, which it must have travelled hundreds of miles to secure. They were probably an essential aid for digestion. The crocodile suns itself with its jaws wide open. Dr. Hose, an excellent authority, adds a note, on native authority, that "sand-pipers pick something off the teeth of the crocodile". This may be compared with the curious story in Herodotus, II. 68, which has now, we believe, received the support of naturalists, though long regarded as a fable. The open mouth is, however, needed for respiration, and the author notes that the usual way in which crocodiles were killed for the museum was to lash their jaws tightly together and leave them to the blaze of the tropical sun. The Stick Insects and the Praying Mantises attracted the author's special attention, and his detailed observations of them are remarkable. Here are some of the most difficult instances of "display", possibly due to a warning attitude, but perhaps due to mere excitement. Every animal, it may be said, has some sort of "bluff" to put up. Sticks, leaves, and even flowers are imitated, and we read of so close an observer as the author nearly taking a coiled-up snake for a fungus. He met with a caterpillar which showed the exact "eye" and the wrinkled fold between the upper and lower jaws of a snake. The book ends with some views of the human side of the region and of expeditions undertaken by the author. Head-hunting survived into the twentieth century, as we gather from an account contributed to "The Sarawak Gazette", and here reprinted. Both Sea-Dayaks and Land-Dayaks enjoy pickled pork, and wonder is expressed that they are not killed by it, since they keep it till it becomes a putrid mass of greenish-coloured meat.

In conclusion, we think it well to say that both the author of this interesting book and its introducer go much further in their theories as to colour and mimetic protection than many other field naturalists. Their beliefs would, for instance, set Mr. Roosevelt on protesting vehemently.

CHANCELLOR TRISTRAM.

"Thomas Hutchinson Tristram: a Memoir." Longmans.
4s. 6d. net.

IT is part of the irony of the lawyer's lot that a man like Dr. Thomas Hutchinson Tristram should be connected in the public mind with some of the most acrid, deplorable, and least profitable religious and ritualistic disputes of recent years. Himself in private life one of the most lovable and benevolent of men, endowed with a rare sweetness of disposition, eminently sane and sound in judgment, and with an extraordinary fund of tact and discretion, the particular nature of his work as ecclesiastical lawyer and Chancellor of London brought him into undue publicity, and made him the mark of bitter invective and hostility. Giving allegiance to neither of the great parties in the Church of England, he acted as counsel now on one side and now on the other, while in his judicial capacity as Chancellor he did his best to hold the scales evenly between them, administering with strict impartiality, and with a glorified common sense, the law of the land. It was this unbiased attitude that aroused the greatest bitterness, for if in one case his judgment favoured the Ritualists, in another he would go clean contrary to them, the fact being that he was concerned neither with Ritualist nor Low Churchman, but solely with law.

He appeared as counsel for Dr. Mackonochie, vicar of St. Alban's, Holborn, in the first appeal to the Privy Council in the great ritualistic case of

"Martin v. Mackonochie", and, two years later, he was counsel for the promoter in the case of "Sheppard v. Bennett", the suit being heard at letters of request from the Bishop of Bath and Wells against a Ritualist, Mr. Bennett, vicar of Frome, on the questions of the Real Presence and of Eucharistic Adoration.

As Chancellor of London, to which he was appointed in 1872, and in which capacity he acted for forty years, he gave judgment against the vicar of St. Barnabas, Pimlico, in the famous "Baldacchino Case". He sanctioned the erection of the present reredos in St. Paul's Cathedral, thereby bringing down upon himself the wrath of the Low Church party, and granted a faculty for the removal of certain ornaments from the Church of the Annunciation, Brighton. He acted as counsel for the Church Association in the Bishop of Lincoln's trial. Apart from ritual cases, Dr. Tristram was brought into great prominence over the question of granting licences for divorced persons to be married in church. The attitude which he adopted and maintained was that he was only empowered by his Chancellor's patent to administer the law as it stood. He held that neither he nor the Bishop of the Diocese had any option in the matter. The last paper on which he was engaged the day he was taken ill was in reference to this subject, on which he and Bishop Winnington Ingram held such different views. "It was, as you know, occasionally my duty to differ from him in public", said the Bishop, when referring to his death at the London Diocesan Conference in 1912, "but I never doubted for a moment the conscientiousness of his convictions, or failed to respect his sturdy independence of character."

Apart from ecclesiastical cases, Dr. Tristram was junior counsel for the claimant in the famous Tichborne trial. He wrote several law books, and distinguished himself as a law reporter, bringing out, in conjunction with Dr. Swabey, "Swabey and Tristram's Reports", which are the standard reports of the Probate Court from its foundation until the commencement of the present Law Reports in 1866.

Singularly happy in his family and domestic life, this memoir reveals him as a man of wide human sympathies, simple tastes, fond of horses and outdoor life—a typical English gentleman.

ONCE A MONTH.

Mr. Charles E. Mallet opens the "Nineteenth Century" with an article on "No Peace without Victory", in which he speaks frankly of the position of Germany and the failure of our Eastern operations. He also considers the comforting suggestion that time is necessarily on our side. We cannot afford to wait too long, though the idea of American insistence on a compromise twelve months hence may now be dismissed. The writer suggests that "the bane of the Alliance has been that it has always undervalued the enemy and always been too late." That represents the mistakes of the past, not the attitude of to-day. We may be confident that the Allies will strike as hard as possible in every quarter which offers an opportunity and that they realise what they have to do with Germany to make peace a reality. Mr. John Leyland's article on "The Great Naval Blockade" offers some explanations on a subject of which the public knows little. "The Passing of the Cabinet" is discussed by Sir Francis Piggott, who welcomes the reign of individual responsibility in Ministers. "The fiction has passed away that either Party was the repository of a code of principles which held the solvent for all the ailments to which the body politic is heir". We hope so, indeed, but we cannot be sure. "Danzig: Poland's Outlet to the Sea", by Mr. L. R. Namier, introduces an idea fraught with difficulties. The writer says that "no reconstitution of Poland can be considered complete unless it includes Danzig", and suggests that, if that port and its surroundings become Polish, not more than half a million Germans would need to be separated from the German Empire. "'Bons Camarades' in a War Zone Cantine" is a vivid account by Sir Frank Benson of his experiences, and a fine tribute to French gaiety and courage. There are two replies concerning "Life after Death", the first by Sir Oliver Lodge. In a lucid article on "The National Gallery and Sir Hugh Lane's Bequest" Mr. D. S. MacColl puts clearly the English case for the retention of Sir Hugh's pictures and the evidence, so far as it can be ascertained, of his feelings concerning Dublin. "Industrial Fatigue", by Mr. C. K. Ogden,

is a useful contribution to the question of overstrain. Little is known in this country concerning the scientific study of the subject. "Rowland Grey", in the "War Poetry of Women", has not much of mark to bring forward. At the end of the number Mr. C. E. Wade, formerly Prime Minister of New South Wales, reviews at first hand the results of the Referendum on "Compulsory Service in Australia". He says that it does not represent the real opinion of the Commonwealth and analyses the votes in the various States which provided some surprises.

In the "National Review" the most sensational article is "The Unseen Hand: The Case for a Judicial Investigation", by Dr. Ellis Powell, the editor of the "Financial News". The Hand is credited with an extraordinary power and influence, and is declared to "hold public opinion in contempt and defiance". Among its direct and indirect exploits are counted the hustling of Mr. Hughes out of the country because he was likely to put the democracy on the scent of treachery, the destruction of Kitchener, and "the prolonged tolerance of Tino's treachery". The Unseen Hand is stated to be undoubtedly a single operator who was at work years before the war, and enjoys an extended popularity. It is suggested, further, that the Hand is responsible for a secret cable from the East Coast or a private wireless installation, and is beyond the power of the law, so that those who have evidence are impotent to use it. We find it difficult to believe this. Could any influence, or high place, or money save a man convicted of treason? Dr. Powell asks for a strong judicial tribunal sitting in camera, and granting a certificate of indemnity to witnesses. Mr. Robert Bird shows the advantages of "The Mid-Scotland Ship Canal at Sea-Level" from the Forth to the Clyde. The route has already been more or less surveyed, and the writer supplies facts and figures concerning the scheme. Miss Frances Pitt writes about "Women on the Land", and explains that the educated leisure classes will do little good there. The rough work and hardship will be too much for them. The women needed are to be got, she says, "from the same class that our farm hands have always been drawn from—namely, the cottagers", and "the problem of getting them rests entirely with the wives and daughters of the farmers". While these latter do no work and play the piano instead of milking the cows, other women will not readily come forward. An example must be set. The late Capt. Palmer's Conversation on "Ideals and Compromises" seems to us slighter than its predecessors, and would doubtless have been enlarged and revised if he had lived.

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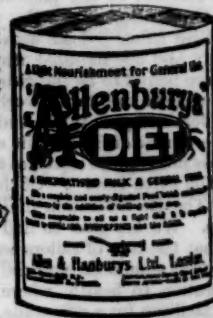
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QUARTERLIES.

In the January "Quarterly" the Rev. J. Gamble writes with commendable frankness concerning "Immortality and Christian Belief", recognising that the old majestic scenery which used to be hung round a future life by preachers has been demolished and that views have changed of late years in consequence of the disappearance of various traditional notions—e.g., concerning the efficacy of punishment. Mr. W. C. D. Whetham's article on "The War and the Race" is a careful and temperate examination of such evidence as is available concerning "the harmful social effects of war". He recognises that we have lost and are losing where we can least afford to lose from the standpoint of eugenics. Asking how the wastage can be repaired, he answers that we must go further in recognising the maintenance and education of children where taxation is concerned. The folly which the Income Tax is guilty of in considering husband and wife less favourably than brother and sister has long been noted, and will some day, we suppose, be reduced. Mr. Whetham brings forward figures by which a married man with £400 a year and two children or more, or £1,000 a year and six children, would pay nothing in income tax. In "Our National Debt" Mr. H. J. Jennings treats with a dose of cool criticism some schemes for taxation which mean general ruin rather than economy. Some large suggestions in the essays of the Fabian Research Department edited by Mr. Sidney Webb are closely examined. A series of "Dominion Views on Imperial Unity", presenting the trend of opinion in Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa is a welcome sign of the new spirit in Imperial politics. The articles on "Johann Zoffany, R.A." by Mr. Charles Tennyson and "Some Tibetan Abbeys in China" are both entertaining. The "Quarterly" is wise in providing a little relief to the dominant themes of to-day.

Mr. H. Wickham Steed opens the "Edinburgh" for January with "Austria and Europe," an historical survey with ideas for the future. Though he recognises that opinion is not unanimous in the Allied countries in demanding the dismemberment of the Hapsburg dominions, he comes to the conclusion that Austria-Hungary cannot continue to exist as a self-controlled monarchy, since, if she is not dismembered by the Allies in the interests of European security, she will be transformed and directed by Germany. He also thinks that any lasting European construction must include the creation of a united Southern Slav State. Mr. John Mavrogordato has an interesting and well-informed article on "The End of Greek Monarchy". He criticises severely the action, or rather inaction, of our Foreign Office, describing Viscount Grey as "a man of morbid timidity", and his general attitude as "one of excessive caution and credulity". Mr. Mavrogordato's solution of the present difficulties is the proclamation of a Greek Republic. Mr. Gosse's article on "France and the British Effort" deals with the recognition by our Allies of our army and our national characteristics in wartime, some of which are bound to be surprising to a Frenchman. Mr. Gosse pays a welcome tribute to the work of M. Davray and rightly devotes considerable space to M. André Chevillon, who has long been an expert critic of English life and manners. The Dean of St. Paul's does not seem to us to get as close as he might to the problem of "The Birth-Rate". Of the other articles the most important is "The Re-Education of Disabled Soldiers", by Mr. L. V. Shairp. We are glad to find him emphatically endorsing the view that the care of sailors and soldiers disabled in the war is a duty that should be assumed by the State, and should include restoration to health, where it is possible, the provision of training facilities for a new trade, and the finding of employment where such assistance is needed.

"Chasing the Blue Bird." By Mary Innes. Methuen. 3s. 6d. net.

This little book attempts to recall and analyse some few of the sources of happiness. The writer gives a pleasant account of the joys of the open road, of reading history and poetry, of the blessedness of work, of love and life, and so forth. Without presenting anything startlingly novel she has somewhat over-elaborated her matter. There is a certain vagueness in Maeterlinck as a guide to happiness, and this book does not go deep in analysis. There is nothing in it so definite as Johnson's maxim, "If you are idle, don't be solitary; if you are solitary, don't be idle", and we cannot call it "simple" because it is somewhat precious in expression. On poetry and the drama of to-day the writer says some pertinent things, but, when she says that Science knows no paradoxes, she seems to have forgotten radium. We learn that "The Demon vices of Envy, Hatred, and Malice are adult vices, rarely met with in the child". The writer has watched "with the celibate eye", as she admits, parents and children. She might have discovered envy, which is, we think, a feeling natural to imperfect human creatures in nurseries where special love or privileges are bestowed on one child at the expense of another. It does not do people large or little any good to conceive themselves ill-treated, and this unhappy partiality in parents may lead to a dangerous sense of ill-treatment.

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